



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX 51S8 6

# THE POLITICIANS.



AL 4317.6

**HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY**



**THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
OF NEW YORK**

**1918**





3

# THE POLITICIANS

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

BY

H. W. H.



PHILADELPHIA:  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,  
624, 626 & 628 MARKET STREET.

1876.

AL 4317.6

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918**

---

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by  
**CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,**  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

---



**Selheimer & Moore, Printers,  
501 Chestnut Street.**



TO THE  
*HON. WILLIAM WINDOM,*

U. S. SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA,

*Whose public life stands in marked contrast to  
all that is satirized in these pages,*

THIS VOLUME

*Is Respectfully Inscribed.*









"CHRISTIAN reader, I beseech thee remember this example while thou art employed in the perusal of the following sheets, and seek not to appropriate to thyself that which belongs equally to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thine own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that though thou art perhaps distinguished by a bottle-nose, twenty of thy neighbors may be in the same predicament."—SMOLLETT.



"THE quacks of government who sate  
At the unregarded helm of State,  
And therefore met in consultation,  
To cant and quack upon the nation,  
Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
Nor what to give, but what to take,  
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
And from the grave, recover—gain."

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

I \*

V







# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE POLITICIANS . . . . .	9
EMMA — A LOVE POEM . . . . .	61
CUBAN DIPLOMACY . . . . .	66
A DREAM . . . . .	73
TO CLYMER . . . . .	75
TO A FALSE REFORMER . . . . .	77
THE FALL OF GREYTOWN . . . . .	78
THE IRISH OF IT . . . . .	84
WHAT HE DID DO . . . . .	86
MY LANDAULET . . . . .	88
THEOPHILUS FLINT . . . . .	90
TO FRED . . . . .	98
GOOD ADVICE . . . . .	101
HIGGINSVILLE . . . . .	106
TO-MORROW . . . . .	110
LINES ON A GRASSHOPPER . . . . .	111
A MEMORY . . . . .	112
TERRITORIAL REMINISCENCES . . . . .	115



## THE ARGUMENT.

### CANTO I.

How Bunkem, Patch, and Blab, all three  
Great men as eyes could wish to see,  
With many more like them indeed,  
Whom you'll discover as you read,  
Became partakers of great glory,  
The nub is of this pleasing story!

viii





# THE POLITICIANS.

AN AMERICAN TALE.



## CANTO I.

"'Mong these there was a politician  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in every one,  
Than all the sins of Babylon."

BUTLER.

**U**PON this earth there live as yet  
Perchance a few, who long since met  
The heroes of this wondrous story,  
When they were at their noon of glory; —  
Who still remember how they wore  
Their honors tacked their names before; —  
How quite beyond their own desire  
They rose, and kept on rising higher;  
Born as it were by special grace  
To seize, and hold eternal place;  
A few, perchance, may linger yet,  
Who, long ago, these marvels met,  
And do not their sweet ways forget;

Politic founders of the school  
Where grab was made the golden rule !  
If such there be, I'm sure these few  
Will vouch this tale I tell is true ;  
Although to most, who know how pure  
A modern statesman is, the cure  
By which was wrought so great a change,  
Must seem, when read of, passing strange !

Their name was legion, not a spot  
In those days by-gone knew them not ;  
They swarmed and flitted everywhere,  
As locusts in the desert air ;  
In numbers, countless as the sands,  
With famished hearts and aching hands,  
And thirsty lips, that seemed to sigh  
For public udders to suck dry !  
An army marshalled for the fray,  
Raiding on offices, were they ;  
Following a predetermined plan  
Which promised place to every man ;  
And gave each one a guarantee,  
Of what his coming luck would be,  
If he would without stint or pause,  
Work faithful for the common cause ;  
From leaders down, through rank and file,  
One brilliant hope did all beguile ;  
One bright idea from afar  
Hung over like a holy star,

And led them by its guiding light  
To pastures fresh beyond the fight!  
One grand idea, terse, and clear,  
A pithy utterance, deep, sincere,  
To bannered host, a trumpet tone,  
To hungry dogs, a juicy bone;  
A crusade call, a high appeal,  
All hearts and ears could hear and feel,  
Like voice of hermit Peter, when  
He tilted with the Saracen;  
A promise, not of empty name,  
That bubble from the pipe of fame,  
But this reward, for arduous toils,  
"To those who win belong the spoils!"

Thus spake a leader, and the phrase  
Became a platform, in those days  
Of which we write, a vital force,  
To which all sails were trimmed, of course;  
On this both parties could agree,  
And hold one creed in harmony;  
Though banks and tariffs might divide  
The warring hosts, in this allied,  
They stood united, and for two  
Made this one ruling motive do!  
A beacon shining bright and clear,  
Which led the faithful every year,  
With aching hearts and watery eyes,  
Up to the place of sacrifice!



In Bunkemville begins our tale ;  
The spawn-bed it, of ancient whale ;  
Where first his sapient eyes did wink,  
And little mind began to think ;  
Where he first solved the ugly doubt  
How big a whale he 'd prove for spout,  
And proved he was nobody's fool,  
By leading a debating school ;  
Where his expanding mind did clutch,  
With subjects, savans feared to touch ;  
And glibly let his ready tongue  
Show how he drew out wisdom's bung,  
And like an Hercules, unhurt,  
Had with his thumb controlled the squirt  
From the great cask, and all there stored  
Into his wondrous noddle poured ;  
Showing how charged he was with seed  
For future mighty speech and deed,  
That only wanted sowing, tillage,  
To crown with fame himself, and village !  
He also had a fine physique,  
And what was called in those days, "cheek ;"  
Unknown in modern days, but then,  
A fancy mark for leading men :  
A stamp upon the face impressed,  
A sort of labor-saving test,  
Which made it easy when once fixed,  
To sort the flock however mixed ;  
That told the shepherds by its shine,  
Which ram was really superfine ;

And had the choicest fleece of wool,  
O'er stupid human eyes to pull;  
Symbol of power and pride, alas,  
That those then called, the ruling class,  
Needed so much the aid of brass!

His name was Jerry Bunkem, years  
And years ago his sire appears!  
*His* stage a little country town,  
Known on the maps as Thistledown!  
This ancient Bunkem, growing old,  
And rich withal in lands and gold,  
Desired that when this world he quit,  
His name should still remain in it;  
And, therefore, one day, growing ill,  
He made unto his solemn will,  
This kind of sick-bed codicil:  
"To my beloved native town,  
The dear, romantic Thistledown,  
To her, before I cease to breathe,  
Ten thousand dollars I bequeathe;  
On this condition, that the town  
No more be known as Thistledown,  
But that, henceforth, for good or ill,  
She take the name of Bunkemville."  
This done, he died, but not before  
He heard the plaudits at his door  
Of grateful neighbors, who had come  
With shout, and cheer, and tenor drum,

And resolutions they had passed,  
To show how he was loved at last;  
To thank him for the lucky trade,  
Which, with him dying, they had made;  
He heard, and hearing died content,  
As conscious of his cash well spent,  
Towards a lasting monument;  
One of the many, who, when sick,  
Can play so well the winning trick;  
Give all their stingy lives the lie,  
By death-bed generosity;  
Hoping their miser lives to gild  
With churches they post-mortem build;  
One of the many, who has bought  
With money, fame so fiercely sought;  
One of the shrewd old foggy chaps,  
Made thus immortal on the maps,  
By dint of purchase, who will say  
This is not much the better way,  
Than that we moderns deem the best,  
Who make a life, well spent, the test.

Jerry began quite near the ground,  
On fortune's ladder's lowest round;  
And from the very ranks uprose,  
Despite of all who did oppose:  
Upon him smiled, so sweet, success,  
That when she'd drop him none could guess;  
A statesman born, as 't will appear,  
He chose and shaped his own career;

His creed was, men, for office fit,  
Are those who hanker after it ;  
And so to carry out his creed,  
He yearned for everything, indeed.  
He first began as constable,  
And did its duties prompt and well ;  
Hung round the bar-room fires, and told  
Of many a fearful foray bold  
On horse-thieves, in their very nest,  
And how he made the last arrest ;  
While from his mouth's wide open sluice,  
Flowed oaths mixed with tobacco juice,  
And as he chewed each precious quid,  
Talked wisely of what Congress did,  
And oft proclaimed, to listeners rapt,  
How freedom's fort was nearly sapped,  
And soon would sink in endless night,  
Unless the people voted right !  
Thus helping shape the party plan,  
Jerry was marked, a rising man ;  
Was booked, as one the chiefs could trust,  
Whose well-earned claims regard they must ;  
One, who had but to splurge and wait,  
To win the guerdon, soon or late !

Nor waited long, before rose he  
To supervisor's dignity !  
Seeming no favors to begrudge,  
Next, fortune made him, Probate Judge ;

To Jerry this was special luck,  
For when he quit, a title stuck ;  
Henceforth a handle to his name,  
He had, Judge Bunkem he became ;  
In most men's lives how close a shave  
It is from wreck, success, to save ;  
Lost or gained, some trivial thing,  
Makes one a beggar or a king ;  
A trivial thing like this, perhaps,  
Is what enables rising chaps,  
To higher go with great *éclat* ;  
Since, Judge, means sometimes, learned in law !  
Thiſ title, then, to Jerry brought,  
The very sesame sign he sought,  
To open up the guarded door ;  
And lead him to the hidden store ;  
This title, Judge, to say the least,  
Was his star shining in the East,  
A beacon-light, to lead him through  
All sorts of quagmire, swamp, and slough ;  
It gave him right, to seem *so* wise,  
And look *so* sagely from his eyes ;  
It gave him right, to speak *so* slow,  
As if each word was weighed, you know,  
And gauged to just its mental blow ;  
Ah ! who, indeed, could well forget  
A Judge like this, if ever met ?  
Who has not felt the impulse quick,  
To give such sham an honest kick ?

And yet from just such acorns grow  
The oaks, that tower above us so !

But we digress, to Jerry now  
The way was clear, the secret how  
To rise was his, he upward went,  
Like rocket towards the firmament !  
His voyage to legislative halls  
Was not disturbed by serious squalls ;  
Plain sailing lay before his ship,  
A sort of pleasant, coasting trip ;  
With brilliant skies, and favoring breeze,  
He made the wished for port with ease,  
And took his place among the great  
Law-makers of his native State :  
No sooner was he well sworn in,  
Than arduous work he did begin ;  
He *was* a worker, ah ! to spy him  
With many books of reference nigh him ;  
And hear him talk of statutes hid  
By Osiris in the Pyramid ;  
Which he'd dug out, sifted and sorted,  
And would in due time have reported !  
One's soul with admiration burning  
Stood paralyzed at so much learning !  
He was so deep in statute lore,  
He favored nothing made before,  
But for the good of common weal,  
All laws would alter, or repeal ;

2 \*

B

There was not then in force a law,  
But in it Bunkem found some flaw;  
Such fearful cracks he found to mend,  
His work seemed like to have no end;  
Ah, happy state, where men are born,  
Fit any station to adorn!  
Ah, happy state, whose tinkers take  
Such endless pains good laws to make;  
Ah, happy state, which never lacks  
These volunteers for closing cracks;  
Where statesmen, like Minerva, jump  
Full armed from every handy stump;  
Whose mouths, are seemingly inspired,  
To speak on anything desired,  
And without either fact or date,  
On all things which concern the State,  
Can everlasting bloviate!

But though of such imposing force,  
Judge Bunkem walked not o'er the course  
Without competitors, who tried  
To check his fast increasing stride;  
By resolution they declared,  
That they were thoroughly prepared  
To prove, to any patriot mind,  
Of wistful and inquiring kind,  
That changing all old laws to new,  
Was not, just now, the thing to do;  
They did not think the people could  
Endorse the broom which Bunkem would

Use to sweep clean the dusty nooks,  
Of all the ancient statute books;  
The larger cracks, were all that they,  
Believed in soldering to-day;  
And that this scheme, to all renew,  
Proved just how little Bunkem knew  
Of statesmanship, it also proved  
Conclusively, that their beloved  
And able leader, Doctor Patch,  
Was for Judge Bunkem more than match!

The leader of this stubborn ring,  
Which fought the Judge in everything,  
Was Patch, a wiry chap was he,  
Brimful of specious deviltry;  
Clear headed, nervous, wide awake,  
And active as a yearling snake;  
One of the sort, who scheme and plot,  
And stir the fire beneath the pot,  
Keeping their tempers always hot,  
And mind and legs upon a trot;  
Having but very little care,  
Whether the game be foul or fair,  
So that they take the winning trick,  
And give their foes the parting kick;  
'Twas Patch, who made a famous pill,  
Panacea sure, for every ill;  
And having coaxed mankind to try it,  
Made in due time a fortune by it,



And thus was able to retire,  
And carry out his soul's desire,  
Which was, to shake from off his back,  
The odious, Sinbad name, of Quack,  
The pills, with wealth had given him, so,  
He thought he would to Congress go!  
And first, with legislative sledge,  
He drove as 't were the entering wedge;  
Ran for the house, his wind to try,  
First step towards higher destiny;  
His opponent, one T. C. Pump,  
Against him boldly took the stump,  
And urged the peeps with force, and heat,  
This pill monopolist to beat!  
Had not Patch grown immensely rich  
By making pills by patent, which  
Had been an incubus, like stone,  
Beneath which all alike did groan?  
He argued, medicines like air,  
And water, all mankind should share  
Alike, he deemed no perfect State  
Tariffs on pills, should tolerate;  
Or, by a patent, close the door,  
And keep such luxuries from the poor.

Thus Pump, to whom Patch made reply,  
"Among old customers stand I;  
Dear friends, who might long since have died,  
Had not my precious pills been tried;

I'm sure your hearts cannot forget  
So soon this sanitary debt,  
Which certainly you ought to know,  
For lengthened days to me you owe.  
Not even Pump denies this, hence,  
I ask, this trifling recompense,  
Give me your votes, and I will try  
To make some laws, before I die,  
That shall purge all our public ills,  
Just as your bowels do, my pills!"

Thus argued Patch, and every hat  
Went up to such good sense as that;  
Wide stretched and hoarse, each gaping throat,  
Could not but pledge such man a vote!

"And as for Pump's base charge that he  
Was running a monopoly,  
He scorned the slander, on it spit,  
And made in fact short work of it,  
By showing, on the pills he sold,  
(Though richly worth their weight in gold,)  
Deduct ingredients, time, and rent,  
And he cleared less than five per cent.;  
His pills were larger, they all knew,  
Than any on the market too!"

Henceforth whenever Patch appeared,  
The people shouted, clapped, and cheered;

He'd cured so many with his pills,  
And been so easy with his bills,  
That all admitted he was just  
The member in whom all could trust.

He argued still, who could compound  
Such pills, must be a statesman sound,  
And "on the goose" at least, profound!  
Think, how I've worked by night and day  
To try to drive disease away;  
Where is the man or woman, where,  
Who has not ta'en of them, their share?  
Who has not found them, pleasant, pure,  
And in the hour of danger, sure?  
If such there be, which I much doubt,  
I ask him when this meeting's out,  
To stay, said Patch, the crafty fox,  
Behind and get another box!

And then, still louder cheered the crowd;  
And Pump was vanquished quite, and bowed  
Obedient to the people's voice,  
Which thus named Patch their honest choice!  
Vox populi est Dei, who  
Can doubt but that the Latins knew,  
That this fine sentiment was true?  
And so hereafter Patch became,  
A subtle candidate for fame;  
And full of industry, and pluck,  
To his ambitious programme stuck;

How he progressed in this new sphere,  
Will more conclusively appear,  
And comprehended be and better,  
By many a confidential letter,  
Written like true and loving man  
In confidence, to his wife Ann.

---

## INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM HON. TIMOTHY PATCH TO HIS WIFE ANN PATCH.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WIND BAG: — A few days since a mail-bag was accidentally lost by a mail-carrier of this State.

A dishonest finder cut open the bag, and, having plundered the letters of their contents, left them scattered upon the ground.

The following letter was picked up by the subscriber, and, as there seems to be some politics in it, I enclose it to you for publication.

Yours, respectfully,

J. O. E.

## THE LETTER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE OF —,  
January —, 18—.

DEAR ANN: — I got here as sound as a roach.  
Last Saturday night, by a passenger coach:  
And thanks to the "passes," over each road I went  
My elegant ride did n't cost me a cent;  
I tell you it's nice, to go riding away,  
And know that you've not got a farthing to pay;

And also to feel, as the mile-posts you view,  
Each twenty makes five dollars more your due;<sup>1</sup>  
On the threshold, therefore, of a splendid career,  
Take note of the vow which I register here;  
That I mean to so act, as to certainly win  
The applause of the dear friends who voted me in.  
As yet I can't point with much pride to our works,  
For all we've done yet is to choose a few clerks,  
And hear the old Governor prosely read  
His message — a document prosy indeed!  
And then we adjourned till next Tuesday at two,  
To get a good ready for what we've to do;  
Exactly what that is, I don't understand,  
For in this sort of business I am a green hand;  
But I trust by attention, though now a bit raw,  
To make in due time a respectable law.  
But, Annie, my darling, though here with respect  
I'm treated by all as is due the elect;  
Familiar I can't be, with strangers so new,  
And so I must pour out my feelings to you!  
But these secrets of state, I entrust to your ear,  
You must never to any one whisper, my dear;  
For if the true motives that prompt him should  
slip,  
No statesman could keep on the public his grip;

<sup>1</sup> Twenty miles of travel, by a member of the Legislature, to or from the State Capital, is fixed by law, by the Legislatures of most States, as a day's service, making the member entitled to a day's compensation.

### THE POLITICIANS.

But I'm sure, my dear Annie, you secrets can keep,  
Except now and then when you talk in your sleep;  
But this fault of yours is to *me* only known  
Since, when I'm away, you, of course, sleep alone!  
So Ann, to begin, the political ark  
I sail in has taken Reform for a mark;  
And from captain to scullion, each one in the ship,  
Believes in it if there is virtue in lip;  
All denounce, as they should do, political swag,  
And the war-cry, "no stealing," is stuck on the flag;  
Let no one who foolishly gets in a scrape,  
By any means legal or other escape;<sup>1</sup>  
If he don't know enough to safe cover his track,  
That leads from a hen-roost, let's hit him a whack;  
Let's prove by the manner we hustle him, that  
We have not a tear for unfortunate rat;  
The love of good cheese we might pardon perhaps,  
But never the vermin with tails in the traps!  
Our luck is assured, if we only succeed  
In proving we are not a light-fingered breed;  
Clear up this lowering suspicion, and then  
A satisfied people will trust us again!  
We must try this flush flow of "pap" to reduce;  
The people are stirring, and soon will let loose

<sup>1</sup> How true is the saying that history repeats itself. These sentiments of the olden time are tersely embodied and repeated in the now historic and pithy utterance of the present time, viz., "Let no guilty man escape."

Upon us their dire resentment, if still  
We go on and plunder unheeding their will ;  
No need to stop wholly, but put on the brakes  
And give public thieves a few eloquent shakes ;  
The mariner furls all his sails to the blast,  
But spreads them again when the tempest has passed !  
In his message the Governor also is pluck,  
And against every swindle is running amuck ;  
All round the world rascals are catching its frown,  
For all men will kick a poor fellow when down.  
And now a revival is going, full blast,  
'Mong statesmen, eclipsing all precedents past ;  
But in private, I say, dear, I fear this new shute  
Is a good deal like that which was made by Canute,  
Who tried with an oath to drive back the sea,  
Just to prove what a stubborn old devil was he.  
But, Annie, you know, the sea did n't flinch  
For Canute, that bombastical monarch, an inch ;  
And we all sort of secretly think it is fudge,  
To try the high tides of state plunder to budge ;  
For members, and governors, sooner or late,  
Can't help but surrender at last to their fate ;  
Like the old Sabine maids, who feared Roman sin,  
How can we help wishing sometime 't would begin ?  
And if public men are foreordained to steal  
When a good chance occurs, why, may we not feel  
That straight on the line a high moral may chalk,  
It is not expected all great men should walk !  
But, Annie, this time I must bid you adieu ;  
Write soon and believe that, devoted to you,

No matter how long, or how hard he may scratch,  
For the kernels of fame is your

TIMOTHY PATCH.

That brilliant but very careless statesman, "Timothy Patch," has written another affectionate letter to his wife in the country, which has come into our possession, through the culpable carelessness of one of his brother members, the Hon. Jedediah Bunkem, who was charged to deliver it in person, but lost it from his pocket. We shall print it to-morrow.

*Editors of Wind Bag.*

TO THE EDITORS OF WIND BAG:—The Hon. Jedediah Bunkem was here yesterday on his way home from his arduous labors. Calling at Jones's saloon, the honorable gentleman spent a very convivial half hour. Upon his departure, the enclosed letter was picked up in the saloon. Whether he dropped it or not does not appear. Some things in the letter would indicate that he *did* drop it. Be this as it may, I send it to you for publication.

Yours, respectfully,

J. O. E.

LEGISLATIVE HALL, STATE OF —,  
January 18, 18—.

DEAR ANNIE:—You're anxiously waiting, no doubt,  
For another report of what we're about;  
My last letter, strangely somehow, went astray,  
And somebody finding it loose by the way,  
Sent it forthwith for the Wind Bag to print,  
With all our best secrets for town's tattle in't.  
I was mortified badly, but what could I do?  
There was, in fact, only one course to pursue,  
The stereotyped course, the old patent one,  
Used by every man who for office has run,



And has met on the road, unpleasantly met,  
Some former remark that he now would forget;  
Some scrap of a letter committing him to  
A platform that now he desires to slip through;  
Some odious pledge, of the past, he must break,  
Or throw up the sponge, and relinquish the stake;  
And that was, this little mischance to defy,  
By swearing letter, signature, all was a lie!  
I did so, and most of the members believed  
That I by the "Wind Bag" was sorely aggrieved;  
Such kind of a trick, they all seem to spurn,  
For each seems afraid of a similar turn!  
Well, so much for this, but I do hope and pray  
My letters hereafter may not go astray,  
For I've many choice secrets, on hand, to relate  
About men and things, and affairs of the State,  
That must not get out, for on every hand  
Watching us closely, our enemies stand!

So for safety, I do not send this by the post,  
For fear, like the first one, this, too, may be lost;  
But by Bunkem, my colleague, who's promised  
to stop  
On his way home this week right in front of our  
shop,  
And hand you in person this letter, so that,  
This time, I don't fear an inquisitive rat  
Will steal all the secrets, I'm trying to hide,  
And then through the public prints scatter them  
wide.

I am getting at last the hang of the ropes,  
Succeeding, in fact, beyond even my hopes;  
And am working, like any industrious flea,  
To be very like what a statesman should be.  
I've been called by the speaker three times to  
the chair,

And all say I sat very creditably there.

I regularly draw the per diem I earn,  
And have motioned, six times, "that this house do  
adjourn,"

And my motions have carried, which shows very  
clear

How my influence acts and is spreading down  
here.

I am rising, no doubt, and shall quit making pills;  
Through my nerves genius sends now her genuine  
thrills.

A luckier star seems to send me its ray,  
And glory says plainly, Patch, hurry this way!  
Of course I expect, that you too, my dear,  
Will fashion your tastes to our new atmosphere;  
You must put on more style, beginning to spread  
Your flounces, for what may be coming ahead;  
As fame, for your husband, its curtains uplift,  
His wife should be ready her manners to shift;  
Since great men and their wives should never  
confess,

By manner or dress, that they ever were less!

Just little by little, I'm beginning to speak,  
Though the draught of my bellows is yet very weak;  
It sounds like a reed, 'mong the bugles here blown,  
But practice will bring out its volume and tone.  
It was only, my dear, but a few days ago,  
That on this very subject, did Senator Blow  
Say to me, " My dear Patch, 'tis not the hard rind  
Of earth that makes earthquakes, but internal wind;  
That's the secret of power, have a terrible bellows,  
If you wish to compete with political fellows ;"  
And no one knows better than Blow about this,  
For in hitting such secrets, his guns never miss !

We debated yesterday, what we should pay  
Ourselves, and decided ten dollars per day !  
Though this price may seem pretty high at first  
sight,

You will see on reflection, 'tis no more than right ;  
No man who has brains such as ours at command,  
Will tinker for nothing the laws of the land ;  
One dollar per day might hire us to mow,  
Reap, plant, haul manure, dig post-holes, or hoe,  
But bless you, such menial employments as those,  
Don't wear out one's mind, and his very best clothes !  
That's the nip, and if people will have their best men,  
Well clothed, and sound-minded, to serve them  
here then,

I do think it not a whit more than is fair,  
They pay what will cover the wear and the tear ;

I tell you it's no trifling matter to think  
 And use up such eternal slathers of ink,  
 Writing bills, and reports, and notes, to one's wife,  
 Whom one never before liked so well in his life;  
 For you know it is "distance," the poet says, "lends  
 Enchantment to views," and why not to friends?

What the printers may say about our per diem,  
 We cannot tell yet, but a few days will try 'em;  
 They may howl, but we care not; the day has gone by  
 When a statesman should flinch for an editor's eye;  
 Confound them! we think it is pretty near time  
 They learned that, despite them, a statesman can  
 climb;

Time was they were needed, a few years ago  
 We were slaves to the papers and hired them to blow  
 Our bugles, and many a wonderful boost  
 They gave us before we got high on the roost;  
 But now, such nonsensical notions o'erthrown,  
 We invent our own music, and play it alone;  
 True greatness fears not to lift boldly the latch  
 Of Fame's door, and enter in.

Yours,

TIMOTHY PATCH.

LEGISLATIVE HALL, STATE OF —,  
 February —, 18—.

DEAR ANNIE:—It seems very wonderful that  
 All my letters are stole by some infamous rat;  
 How that one which Bunkem himself was to carry  
 Was gobbled, does really beat the old Harry;

But "three times and out" is the saying, so then  
Once more for my darling, I take up the pen,  
And venture to risk the old mail-bags again !

I tell you, dear Annie, when a fellow gets near  
The great men who run the two parties down here,  
He finds them so common, so much like the clay,  
Which he sees lying loose in the streets every day,  
He quickly grows bold, and begins to aspire,  
And thinks if such go up, why can't he go higher ?  
In short, seeing power and place going cheap,  
He begins to feel thrills of hope over him creep ;  
Begins to believe, that with patience and pains,  
He too can win laurels without any brains ;  
That he too can practise the formulas neat,  
With which brass contrives with true worth to  
    compete ;

That he can, majestically, look from his eyes,  
And mask the mind darkness which back of them  
    lies ;

And like many other illiterate ass,  
A partisan's fustian for statesmanship pass ;  
And over some threadbare-worn hobby can snivel,  
With the unction of grace, the weakest of drivel,  
And thus getting steadily boost after boost,  
Be at last by consent the chief cock of the roost !  
Why not ? And right here, Annie, comes in my  
    reply,

It is this very plan I am going to try ;

Of one thing I'm sure, no aspirant wins,  
Unless at sometime, and somewhere, he begins,  
To set, what are called, his political pins!  
I've had both ears open, and learned with delight,  
There's now culminating a desperate fight  
'Twixt the great Tweedledum and the great Twee-  
dledee,

To decide for the Peeps, which shall Senator be;  
A fight such as this, means a deuced lucky throw,  
Of the dice, for the men who have votes to bestow.  
A warm, sunny strait, in the long pent-up pack,  
In politics' ice-fields, an opening crack,  
Into which on the vote that is his to control,  
A sharp chap may float through, plumb through  
to the pole!

I've joined Tweedledum, and the bargain is made,  
If he wins I am to be handsomely paid;  
I can't tell exactly in what coin just now,  
But that 'twill be sure, I've his most solemn vow;  
Lord, between him and me 'twas adjusted so nice.  
What d'ye ask? What'll ye give! 'twas fixed in  
a trice.

Of the details, 'tis best very little to say,  
But he's hot for my vote, and I'm hot for his pay;  
Though my fate is thus seemingly lashed to his boat,  
And I'm solemnly pledged to give him my vote,  
In caucus, I thought it would not do to stake  
All my chances on him, or a false motion make;

C

And so here's a secret, between you and me,  
I've made the same bargain with great Tweedledee,

And thus, 'tis no matter which wins in the race,  
My candidate's sure and I'm booked for a place!  
Of course, I have got to be very discreet,  
In performing this elegant acrobat feat;  
Or else I may fall, so perhaps 'twould be said,  
In his great two-horse act,<sup>1</sup> Patch lit on his head,  
And the blow was a sad one, for he was knocked dead!  
But my letter grows long, so for this time adieu,  
In my next I'll explain more fully to you,  
The schemes we are planning here early and late,  
For first aiding party, and second the State,  
And how principle seems to be sent to Old Scratch,  
But for this time

Good-bye.

Yours,

TIMOTHY PATCH.

War to the knife! Patch wrote the truth,  
A bitter fight it was in sooth!  
For Tweedledum his bugle blew,  
And Tweedledee his tooted too;  
Far reaching signals of distress,  
By hearing which, true friends might guess;

<sup>1</sup> He has learned by experience, that the attempt to ride two horses going in opposite directions is apt to result in splitting the rider.—*Newspaper*.

Their strait, and for the public weal,  
Have one more chance to exhibit zeal.  
No knight of old time ever knew  
A more obedient servile crew,  
Than close around each leader, trying  
By words, to prove their love undying;  
And though they do not livery wear,  
All brows this motto seem to bear:  
Behold me, e'er I pass from view,  
I'm Tweedle's dog, whose dog are you?  
Deeming it no disgraceful ban,  
To thus be known, as great man's man;  
And so with just a slave's conceit,  
That his own master none can beat,  
With wordy boasts, and snarls, and curses,  
Each zealous one his part rehearses!

The party caldrons hiss and roar,  
Was never heard so loud before,  
For principles were now at stake,  
No wonder stable things did shake!  
And every pot-house brawler wake!  
All, all was talk, and crush, and pull,  
With every hotel crowded full,  
Of patriots who were free to bleed,  
So that their idols might succeed.

In Heaven war, the fires of hell  
Aglow with flame unquenchable!



In every eye a lurid light,  
The prelude of infernal fight!  
From every mouth words sissing hot,  
Pour forth like streams of molten shot,  
And blanch the timid listener's face,  
With tales of Tweedledee's disgrace;  
Since he, by base ambition led,  
Revolts from party law, 'tis said!  
And swears he will no longer cling  
To skirts of Caucus, virtuous king!  
Who, for so long, has been the guide,  
Of partisans the hope and pride!

Great Tweedledum the race had won;  
Caucus had crowned him, favorite son!  
And now in honor, Tweedledee,  
Was bound to bend a loyal knee,  
Unto his fiat, but alas!  
His honor proved but brittle glass!  
Soured by defeat, he yielded name,  
Past glory, hope of future fame,  
All that he was, or more might be,  
Just as did Arnold, so did he!  
A lifetime spent in party traces,  
One false step like this disgraces;  
Ambition, in a twinkling, thus  
Takes many a brilliant star from us,  
And covers with a coat of slime,  
The wretch who dares commit such crime;

And so Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, all  
Came bounding to the party call ;  
And listening ears bend low, and hark,  
To hear their faithful honest bark  
Against such treason, where, oh where,  
Will country go to, if men dare  
Betray King Caucus, or if he  
Can be dethroned by Tweedledee ?  
No one to Congress e'er returned,  
Who hath his royal fiat spurned ;  
Upon the Capitol's bronze door,  
This creed is written, o'er and o'er,  
There is no God but God, 'tis clear,  
And Caucus is his prophet here !  
By him are patched all party rents,  
And fused discordant elements ;  
By him from every sort of earth,  
Is squeezed the essence of pure worth ;  
Minds that incline to fly apart,  
Are soldered by his wondrous art ;  
Till every meteoric star  
Is orbited as planets are ;  
And made to systematic move,  
Within a pre-determined groove,  
Revolving, in an endless ring,  
Around this central party king !  
'Tis he can tie with subtle tether,  
The lions and the lambs, together ;

Make bitter foes together lie,  
And hug their chains enjoyingly;  
Make all accept with favoring eyes,  
Things that at heart they most despise;  
Stand trustingly on platforms hollow,  
And hateful creeds unquestioned swallow;  
And graceful yield their honest views,  
To those pressed in by party screws!

And Tweedledee has broke the chain;  
No wonder hell's on earth again!  
Unheard of crime! the "Penny Post,"  
Lugubrious groans that all is lost!  
Unless this traitor, Tweedledee,  
Is crushed, as he deserves to be!  
On Tweedledum, in contrast, look:  
(This was the cue his blowhards took,)  
"Let the result be as it will,  
And I'll be true to party still;"  
Then leading to some private room,  
He would admirers' minds illumine,  
With sterling thoughts like these, "I feel  
Is not my own, my party's weal?  
She is at most my Siamese twin;  
Pap poured in me, fills th' other skin;  
Of all I eat, or feel, or wear,  
She manages to get her share;  
Won by my brain, as sharp as sabre,  
She shares the glory of my labor;

My noble party friends should never  
Let traitor's hand this sweet tie sever;  
But if the mandate is, disband it,  
I think I can, if she can stand it!  
I'd like to go to Washington,  
To finish up some jobs begun,  
But if this Caucus should say nay,  
Most cheerfully I shall obey  
Its will, but if I should be beat,  
To ease the sting of my defeat,  
I only ask you, friends, to make  
A brief memorial, for my sake,  
In which my virtues you'll relate,  
And well won claims reiterate;  
How underneath the party pack,  
I've patient bent my patriot back;  
How sacrifices I have made,  
And each assessment promptly paid;  
And wallowing through all sorts of mud,  
Have shed for party, all but blood;  
Stood by her, when her friends were few,  
And with her up to greatness grew;  
No dirty trick she's needed done,  
But I was there, when called upon;  
A leader ready with advice,  
And as to means, not overnice;  
For when plain truth would harm her, I  
Could utter just the needed lie,  
And hurled it with such vim and force,  
It seemed reliable, of course,

And paved for her, the upward way,  
 To that proud place she holds to-day!  
 Thus might you, by memorial plain,  
 Make what now seems my loss, my gain,  
 For such memorial, promptly sent,  
 To fellow-feeling, President,  
 Might rouse his sympathies, and get  
 For me, in spite of this back-set,  
 A seat within his Cabinet!"<sup>1</sup>

"Compare," the "Post" said, "talk like this,  
 With that arch-traitor's viper hiss!  
 Who, mad because his votes were few,  
 Would leave the ship, and wreck it too;  
 His is the motto of a fool,  
 'I'll ruin if I cannot rule!'  
 Small-minded men are always vicious,  
 The moment when they get ambitious;  
 'Twas Shakspeare warned us to beware,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of men who are so lean and spare;

<sup>1</sup> E'er six months passed, a spasm brief  
 Of indignation o'er a thief,  
 Who did with public money get  
 His wife a fancy Landaulet;  
 And pocketed a few gewgaws,  
 By Congress voted to some squaws,  
 Made D. resign, and Tweedledum  
 A Secretary thus become!

<sup>2</sup> "Let me have men about me that are fat,  
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep of nights;  
 'Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
 He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

And hinted that the true and staunch,  
Are symbolized by a portly paunch ;  
And Tweedledee is spare and lean,  
With head no bigger than a bean,  
And belly thinner than a slab,  
And sprawling legs just like a crab,  
And thus is fit for vile designs,  
If there is any truth in signs !  
If greatness any man attains,  
His head must have the room for brains ;  
Yet mediocrity can dream,  
And, Webster like, can plot and scheme ;  
Mistaking for a genuine flash,  
Of genius, the desire to smash,  
And break things that may sacred be,  
Just as now threatens Tweedledee !”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here is an actual editorial concerning a similar bolt to Tweedledee's from a party caucus. “It has ceased to be a political party animated by supreme purposes of patriotic duty to which all individual ambition is subordinated by the law of its organization, but is now apparently a mere loose congeries of personal cliques of placemen and place-seekers, conspiring to cut each other's throats, and to seize the offices by force and fraud ; and there does not seem to be blood enough in the veins of the loyal remnant of the grand old party to be seriously indignant at its degradation. There is just one way to reunite the party, and that is to strangle the freebooters and buccaneers with the rascals and the thieves, to clear away the rubbish of its wrecked organization, and to build it up again on the old foundation of principle.” Think of such stern writing as this over a bolt from a party caucus !

Thus said the "Post," but tried in vain,  
The threatened bolting to restrain;  
The more it gave its anger vent,  
The less did Tweedledee relent.  
He boldly posted on his door  
This doughty challenge, "Nevermore  
Will I like slave bend cringing knee  
To Caucus, but henceforth will be,  
Like a true child of genius, free!  
Come join me all, who must expect  
If Tweedledum we do elect,  
That though we pander e'er so well,  
We'll get of plunder not a smell;  
Into the public trough, we 'outs,'  
Can't never get our squealing snouts;  
If Tweedledum once gets his foot  
Upon our necks, farewell to loot!  
Let's boldly jerk the public teat  
From out his mouth, and gobble it;  
The way to do this, sure as fate,  
Is now to smash his Caucus slate!"

A general scramble now uprose  
Kilkenny-like 'twixt friends and foes;  
The Caucus candidate o'erthrown,  
Each member took one of his own;  
And hope thrilled every heart alike,  
That in his camp might lightning strike;

Day in, day out, they voted, but  
The sesame door to all was shut;  
All labored zealously, and yet  
The needed quorum none could get;  
Having once broke the Caucus chain,  
To mend it, hopeless seemed and vain;  
Fierce and more fierce the contest raged,  
Until exhaustion sheer assuaged  
Their wrath, when some one shouted "Patch,"  
And on the instant all did catch,  
The humor, thus to end the fight,  
And as a compromise, unite!  
Just how 'twas done, Patch, lucky man,  
Wrote home that night, to his wife Ann.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE OF —,  
February —, 18—.

DEAR ANN:—My God, can it really be true,  
This wonderful news I am writing to you?  
Great Tweedledum's contest with great Tweedle-  
dee,  
Was ended to-day by uniting on me;  
I never had dreamed such astounding success,  
Was destined my ambitious efforts to bless;  
And so when the clerk was announcing the vote,  
How the speech, which I should have made, stuck  
in my throat;  
If I looked half as stupid just then as I felt,  
I should wear among simpletons henceforth the  
belt;



But I got on my feet, and all I could say,<sup>1</sup>  
Was "ten thousand thanks for your good sense  
to-day!"

You no doubt think this wasn't much of a  
speech,

But at it, my God, how the members did screech!  
"Just the thing, just the thing," rolled from  
every throat;

"For impromptus, our Patch will be equal to  
Choate!"

"Our Patch," how the far-swelling sound of that  
"our"

Made my bosom puff up with its new sense of  
power;

And I felt, for the first time, that exquisite thrill  
An orator feels who moulds minds to his will!

'Tis exceedingly tough, for a sensitive soul,

To have over language so little control;

To feel, when expected to talk, that your mouth  
In the matter of words is afflicted with drouth;

And when with emotion your full bosom heaves,

To the roof of your mouth find provokingly cleaves

The tongue, that should always be ready to scatter,

O'er all sorts of subjects, appropriate matter.

Oh, how I long for the power of gab!

Just to take the conceit out of drizzling Blab;

<sup>1</sup>"Though saited, I could have got beautiful on,  
Whin I tuk to my legs, faith the gab was all gone."

MOORE.

And hold Bunkem level great humbug, and show  
That all modern eloquence lies not in Blow!  
And, Ann, just as certain as my name is Patch,  
I'm bound all these wonderful talkers to match.  
You remember, I guess, that classical tale,  
With its moral so good, tho' the plot is some stale,  
How a man who a woodchuck had chased to its hole,  
Dug as if upon digging depended his soul;  
When a traveller passing, said, "Hunter, I fear  
Your labor is idle, the night draweth near;  
Though the sinews of hunters are lasting and strong,  
Yet the tramways of woodchucks are winding and long."

Just pausing for breath, the stern hunter replied,  
"Begone with your counsels, your croak is defied;  
Though this woodchuck had never so safe a retreat,  
I must get him to-night, for we need him to eat,  
The minister's coming and we are out of meat."  
Exactly my case does this parable reach,  
I have got to get somehow, the power of speech!  
Hereafter for six years, at least, I'm to sit  
In the national focus of wisdom and wit;  
And the ghosts of Clay, Adams, Van Buren, Cal-  
houn,  
Will expect that I play there my share of the tune;  
Surrounded by memories of giants, who stood  
There and thundered orations so wondrously good,  
The country demands that I try to sustain  
A Senator's credit while one I remain.

I have got to acquire in some way, the art,  
Of these glorious models and play there my part ;  
Fortune offers the place, and seems kindly to will it,  
And by some hook or crook 'tis my business to fill it;  
For the seat 'mong his peers, which great Tweedledum quit,

That I'm in, shows at least *prima facie* I'm fit;  
The burden of proof lies with those who deny it,  
And if I'm discreet perhaps no one will try it;  
For as many a coin of light weight freely passes,  
So fools often pass for wise men with the masses;  
But of this more anon; these extracts I enclose,  
Show how fast in my favor Pub. sentiment grows.

From the *Penny Post*.

Though not our first choice, yet we hail with delight,  
This ending of the senatorial fight;  
It has buried a traitor, and buried him deep,  
In useless retirement forever to sleep.

From the *Reflector*.

No sort of hard labor will Patch ever shirk;  
Like his pills, he is bound to be known by his work!

From the *Blazing Star*.

The mantle of Tweedledum could not have fell  
On shoulders more fitted to wear it well;  
Doctor Patch is a scholar, tho' in politics new,  
And will take very quickly the popular cue,  
And will do when in Rome just as Romans do;

Unpledged to a faction, uncontrolled by a clique,  
He can be something more than a partisan stick,  
If he chooses, and no doubt a brilliant career  
Lies open before him in this new sphere!

From the *Ploughman*, (Grange.)

Our choice, 'tis well known, was a son of the soil,  
With rheumatic back, and hands horny with toil;  
One sworn to wage war on the tyrants who eat,  
Instead of producing, our great staple—wheat;  
One who believes in our statesmanlike creed,  
That Monopoly is a most villanous weed;  
And Capital only an agent for harm;  
At war with whoever may work on a farm.  
Still, from Patch we hope much, he cannot but see  
How essential in future elections are we;  
And in politics sure there are many things stranger  
Than turning a Senator into a Granger!

From the *Gazette*, (Independent.)

The great Senatorial fight has terminated, and resulted in the defeat of the Hon. Tweedledum, and the almost unanimous election of Dr. Patch by a union of all sorts of cliques and factions. Exhausted by the long contest, a compromise at the last moment was suddenly and surprisingly effected between the opposing factions, (nobody knows how,) and Dr. Patch was supported by all. As our readers are well aware, we take no interest in poli-

tics, and merely mention this result as an item of current news. We take pleasure, however, in printing the following poem by our ever welcome contributor, O. Shux, Esq., which will express the feelings of many good citizens, who have been disgusted over the late desperate and prolonged scramble at the Capitol.

### THE SENATOR FLEECE.

By O. SHUX, ESQ.

MOTTO.—“Let us have peace.”

Tweedledum shouting, and Tweedledee ranting,  
Bunkem perspiring belligerent grease,  
All the pup hangers-on viciously panting,  
Oh, what a glorious platform is —“Peace!”

What is the row? It is simply this, whether  
This Tweedle or that, shall his fortune increase;  
So all fight like fiends in caucus together,  
Upon the broad planks of the platform of—  
“Peace!”

Hitting, and gouging, and scratching each other,  
Filling the air like gabbling geese,  
Making all feel who're annoyed by the pother,  
What a great farce is a platform of—“Peace!”

Little pet names, such as scoundrel and liar,  
Mutually banded with safety and ease;  
Proving how strong is the mutual desire  
Firmly to stand on the platform of—Peace!

Blab with his great mouth volcano-like flaring,  
Muggins and Blow with but half shirt apiece,  
Bunkem and Patch each other's eyes tearing,  
Oh, what a glorious platform is—Peace!

And thus while the pet hounds with eager devotion,  
Seek to save to their master the Senator Fleece,  
The lookers-on see what a dirty commotion  
Can sometimes be made on a platform of—Peace!

The moral now heed, when the battle is over,  
And election has brought the contestants repose;  
Each one seems as glad Doctor Patch is in clover,  
As a face might rejoice o'er a bruise on its nose!

So the bugles sound truce, and all bury the hatchet,  
And go to their homes to plan, plot, and conspire,  
Each secretly swearing the other shall catch it  
At the first chance which offers to glut his desire.

For time sets things even, a truth to be heeded  
By those who rejoice over Tweedledum's fate;  
And he who has ready his hammer when needed,  
Will sometimes his chance get at smashing a slate.

And so in the future, as nearer and nearer  
Comes the time for these factions this fight to  
renew;  
Ere the contest begins, to us lookers-on clearer,  
The humbug appears of this hallabaloo.

What boots it to us, who do merely the voting,  
What leader exultant is finally king,  
Unless we belong to the class few and doting,  
Who share when successful the steals of the  
"ring"?

These are only a few of a numerous batch,  
But for this time good-by.

Yours, exultant,  
TIM PATCH.<sup>1</sup>

The luck of Patch in many a heart  
Did a new growth of envy start;  
His unexpected upward stride  
Made many so dissatisfied,  
That openly they blamed the State,  
For making thus its small men great;

<sup>1</sup> That this elevation of Dr. Patch is not altogether unprecedented is shown by the following quotation from Moore's "New Creation of Peers."

"But, bless us, behold a new candidate come!  
In his hand upholds a prescription new written;  
He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,  
And he asketh a seat among the Peers of Great Britain."

For giving choicest honors to  
A man they said nobody knew.<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis ever thus the solace sweet,  
To soothe an aspirant's defeat,  
And make him smiling bear his cross,  
Is, show the people, their's the loss!  
How many men have died believing,  
The world was blind to their achieving,  
And has ungratefully ignored  
The gods designed to be adored!  
Who has not heard the woful wail,  
Of unappreciated whale,  
Who thinks, if chance had let him blow,  
The world would not ignore him so;  
Who lives in peevish discontent,  
Because his wisdom has no vent,  
And dies chagrined, believing that  
A great man's head was in his hat.  
Thus Blab thought, felt, and acted too,  
Puffed up with what he thought he knew;  
And cross and sour, because mankind  
Seemed always to his merits blind;  
But though ungrateful world might nip  
His hopes, it could not chain his lip;  
His tongue was always prompt to wag,  
And over his own virtues brag.  
To hear him talk, one would suppose  
He had a very virtuous nose,

<sup>1</sup> "Who is James K. Polk?"



That with a bird-dog's scent could point  
To every moral out of joint.  
Appropriate was his name of Blab,  
For he'd the incarnate gift of gab,  
And seemed to think a statesman's strength  
Was measured by his speech's length;  
And that it showed especial power,  
To drizzle, drizzle, by the hour.  
Whate'er the subject of debate  
Blab always did participate,  
And got his jaw in soon or late;  
Thinking his wind most potent, when  
All shouted (at a lull), Amen!  
He never seemed right well to know  
When he had met an overthrow,  
But rising from among the slain,  
With bland conceit pitched in again;  
Just after a lost battle's brunt,  
His tactics were to change his front,  
And under a new flag to appear  
Upon somebody's flank or rear,  
And charge on, well no matter who,  
So that the foe was fresh and new,  
And that there was a lucid ray  
Of hope that he might win the day.  
He marched and countermarched around,  
Strutting embodiment of sound;  
To-day he fought "mit Siegel," next  
Against him, not a whit perplexed.

A change of flag with change of base,  
To him did never seem disgrace;  
So that he fought with might and main,  
He deemed his honor free of stain!

And Patch's victory made Blab  
And Bunkem both desire to grab  
Like fame, so cursing their own State,  
They both resolved to emigrate!  
No sooner was the session through,  
Than they "lit out" for pastures new;  
Where men their statesmanship reveal,  
By their capacity to steal;  
Where brazenly they axes grind,  
And dare to gobble all they find.  
If aught in man our faith would stagger,  
'Twould be a genuine carpet-bagger.  
Those hungry pests the country scouring,  
And all things lying loose, devouring!  
Who'd tear the holiest ties asunder,  
So that the crime gave chance for plunder,  
And let the State they've sworn to cherish,  
By their own evil passions perish!  
Like vipers to her bosom creeping,  
To strike their poisoned fangs while sleeping;  
Then glut their gluttony, by eating  
The very carcass they've been cheating!

Two days of easy riding brought  
Judge Bunkem to the land he sought;  
A land of sunshine, sugar, rice,  
White Leaguers, Kukluxers, and vice!  
No wonder, this fair land entrances  
So many knaves with its great chances!  
No wonder, its fine fields for stealing,  
Should set on fire adventurous feeling!  
Thus Bunkem might have felt, 'tis clear,  
As towards the goal his train drew near!  
His outfit simple, as became  
His mission, carpet-sack, with name  
Marked on the outside, in it shirt,  
A razor, razor-strop, and dirt  
Sandwiched 'twixt papers showing what  
Would freeze on sight a boiling pot; —  
A special message, kindly sent,  
To soothe a people's discontent,  
By a far-sighted President!  
Rules for debate, and a report  
On Southern outrages, in short,  
A bag, in which his hand could reach,  
As he might need them, clothes, or speech!

Bunkem arriving, did not wait  
To wash his face, but travelled straight  
Unto the State House, tired and dusty,  
And from his journey very rusty!

'Tis said great Cæsar slighted scrubbing,  
When foes were round that needed drubbing;  
So Bunkem, fearing sloth might spoil it,  
Went in on Chance, instead of toilet;  
For this, the terror, that hung o'er him,  
Some "bagger" might get there before him!

He stood a moment in the hall,<sup>1</sup>  
Like Lara, the observed of all;  
His presence seemed to send a thrill  
Of joy o'er all, and all sat still.  
The Speaker first a long breath drew,  
Then said, "Har what I say to you,  
Surrounded as we are wid rongs,  
Bress God, who timely sends de tongs,  
We moughtent, or we mought desire,  
To pull hot chestnuts from de fire;  
He comes, thar stans upon dis floor,  
Anoder Moses for us sure!  
He lubs us, spite ob jibes and scorf,  
Judge Bunkem, gemmen, from de Norf!"

He ceased, and Bunkem bowed, and then  
Walked up the aisle, and bowed again;  
And having reached the rostrum, sat  
His satchel down, beside his hat,

<sup>1</sup> "He had looked down upon the festive hall,  
And marked that sudden strife, so marked of all."

BYRON'S LARA.

And smiling a sweet smile, began  
A speech, and this the way it ran :—  
“I thank you for this greeting warm,  
It has a most delightful charm  
For me, spontaneous overflow  
Of the best feelings men can know;  
A scented breath of sunny clime,  
Which I have longed for many a time,  
In that cold Northern land, from whence,  
In search of it, I've travelled hence;  
In that cold land, where tropic fruit  
Cannot as here like mushrooms shoot;  
Where the best statesmen, as you know,  
Unless transplanted, mature slow!  
Long have I wanted thus to stand  
With whites and blacks on either hand,  
And share the harmony complete,  
When sundered races joyful meet.  
This is my platform, this, my creed,  
That what you people mostly need,  
Are men like me, who know their wants,  
And will not be deterred, by taunts,  
From the main question, there I stand.”  
And bowing low, and smiling bland,  
Judge Bunkem ceased, and all agreed  
He was a model man indeed!  
The very leader for their need!  
And long before that day was through,  
A Senator was Bunkem too:

And only three days gone from home,  
Had Patch's equal thus become!  
This is no fancy picture, but  
A slip from the "Day's Doings," cut;  
And no one need the story doubt,  
Because of little things left out,  
Such as the trading, buying, selling,  
And other tricks too mean for telling!

And Blab did likewise, and the two  
Thus, neck and neck, did Patch pursue  
Towards the goal, with keen eyes set  
On honors that were higher yet;  
So long as one was in the shop,  
They had not, why should either stop  
Aspiring, luck and pluck combined  
Have ruled, and always will, mankind.  
And thus this trio without fear,  
Entered upon the larger sphere,  
Where national their acts became,  
And the whole country was the game.  
Though it be dull, thus far, to trace  
Their groping steps on upward race,  
No longer will such dulness be  
The muse of this true history.  
Hereafter, dull must be the breast  
That thrills not with deep interest,  
To read the more exalted tricks  
Of so-called higher politics;

Those mountain peaks, whose summits shine  
With virtues, more or less, divine!  
Those regions where the pure, white snow  
Is never mixed with dirt, you know;  
Those mountain peaks, where eagle's nests  
Perched high among the snowy crests,  
Invite aspiring wings to soar  
Above the dull earth's grovelling roar;  
Where, smooth, serene, a statesman's cheek  
Is safe from Libel's vulture beak;  
Where Virtue keeps her watch intense  
To guard official innocence,  
And Scandal ne'er her voice uplifts,  
Virago like, 'gainst taking gifts; —  
Or chides those holding public stations  
For helping all their poor relations;  
Where, echoing from the lofty rocks,  
The cry of "stop thief" never shocks  
The mind; where *Credit Mobilier*  
Is not a sign or sound of fear;  
Into this realm, with hearts aglow  
For *new* delights, our heroes go;  
But what them, then and there, befell,  
In Canto Two the Muse will tell.





## OTHER POEMS.









## OTHER POEMS.

---

### EMMA.

#### A LOVE POEM.

**I** AM in a sad dilemma  
On account of darling Emma;  
She, who won my mature fancies,  
Filled my dreams with bright romances,  
And a lover rapt, adoring,  
Brought me to her feet imploring  
For her wealth of love, ah! tender  
Was the homage I did render;  
Not a word she said, but made me  
Think she was a perfect lady;  
One who could not cruel weave me  
Webs of falsehood to deceive me!

When I came into her presence,  
Here, I thought, is true worth's essence;  
Not a bit of her is shamming,  
In her style no trace of flaming;

Something more than perfect human  
Is embodied in this woman;  
Lacking naught in form or feature,  
Oh! she was a splendid creature;  
All my heart went out to meet her,  
Never conquest was completer;  
Down upon my shins I went there,  
Swearing I could die content there,  
In the duds I then had on me,  
If she would but smile upon me!  
And without more fuss or coaxing,  
She replied, "Bob, ain't you hoaxing?  
If you really do deny it,  
Take my precious love and try it;  
Though I'm richer now than Cræsus,  
Wealth's uncertain, sharks may fleece us;  
But if we should up and marry,  
And my laden ships miscarry,  
And in poverty I lurch souse,  
And become like starving church mouse,  
Will you swear to love and cherish,  
Though my wealth and beauty perish?  
This with me is virgin hobby,  
I'm yours if you'll ride it, Bobby!"

Emma, mine, ah, how endearing  
Were thy promises so cheering;  
In thy beauty how I trusted,  
Ah! it makes my heart disgusted,

Now to think how you assured me  
Faithful love, it was that lured me  
To the brink of swindling danger,  
In the cold land of the stranger;  
Not a single doubt pervaded  
Heart or head, when we two traded  
Vows, a real saint I thought you,  
When unto my friends I brought you,  
And in making you acquainted,  
Swore you was what fancy painted!  
Emma, mine, ah! what a waking  
From a blissful dream, what aching  
For my sad heart when 'twas told me  
That my faithful love had sold me;  
Is it strange, in my despairing,  
That I reckless grew, and daring,  
That I spit on filthy lucre,  
And denounced the game of euchre?  
Did not shoot my love, or choke her,  
But assuaged my grief with poker?

Ah! false Emma, never, never,  
Will you find a lover, ever  
In this world again to bring you  
Such sweet faith as mine to cling to!  
Not a taint of doubt my spirit  
Loved yours for intrinsic merit;  
I'd have staked my soul our love star  
'Mong the planets was above par;

Every ray of light you lent me  
Seemed so powerful to content me,  
And upon a foreign shore too,  
Could I help but thus adore you?  
Oh! indeed this sad awaking  
Is what poets call heart-breaking!  
I'm too old to love another,  
Emma, dear, how can you smother  
All the hopes you thus have kindled,  
And leave trusting lover,—swindled!

All the mines of rich Golconda  
Are not worth the impassioned fond way  
That you petted and caressed me,  
When with your great love you blest me!  
Over me contentment hovers,  
Luckiest one of all your lovers;  
No hard trade with me was driven,  
Without price, your love was given.  
When misfortunes thickened round you,  
My love closer, tighter, bound you,  
Whispering this extravaganza,  
She is beauty's big bonanza;  
Charms that might make saints delighted,  
In her person seem united.  
And though Uncle Fish, old foggy,  
Kicked at me a warning stoga,  
Telling plain, as could a boot-toe,  
That for no gal should I toot so,

Still I loved you, nor repented  
That I'd asked, and you consented!

Emma, dear, though bleak disaster  
Shrouds your charms like porous plaster,  
Still I think it cannot hurt you;  
For I swear I'll not desert you,  
Though the world with dirty scandal  
Doth mine Emma's dear fame handle,  
Till on every sort of highway,  
Towpath, railroad, street, or byway,  
One who travels never misses  
Flocks of geese emitting hisses;—  
Scoffing, sneering, at the tether  
Which hath bound us twain together.  
Still, by help of honest Trenor,  
I will prove your good demeanor;  
And by dint of Stewart's helping,  
Muzzle all the curs now yelping;—  
And make doubting world believe you,  
And Society receive you;—  
Swing all doors wide ope to hail your  
Prompt return from honest failure;—  
Till, upon a bed of roses,  
Emma, mine, at last reposes!

6 \*

E

## CUBAN DIPLOMACY!

## AMERICA TO SPAIN.

## A STRAIN.

"No government is more deeply interested in the order and peaceful administration of this island than is that of the United States.

"A sincere friendship for Spain and for her people, whether peninsular or insular, and an equally sincere reluctance to adopt any measure which might injure or humble the ancient ally of the United States, has characterized the conduct of the government in every step.

"Seven years of *strain* on the powers of the government, to fulfil all that the most exacting demands of one government can make under any doctrine or claim of international obligation upon another, have not witnessed the much hoped for pacification.

"The United States feels itself entitled to be relieved of this *strain*.

"It is believed to be a just and friendly act to frankly communicate this conclusion to the Spanish Government."

FISH TO CUSHING,

November 5, 1875.



H! old friend and ally, Spain,  
You will never know the strain  
That we've borne because of Cuba,  
Of your diadem the ruby.  
Little inexperienced sister,  
How we've wanted to assist her;  
Asking us her nearest neighbor,  
"Save me from the Spanish sabre."

In our sight the smoke of battle,  
In our ears its roar and rattle ;  
Every cruel blow you give her,  
Making all our pulses quiver,  
With the hot desire to show you  
How our hearts are all aglow to  
This concealed, repressed intention,  
To declare for intervention ;  
And though you, for fight, was too sick,  
We've not dared to face the music,  
And go like a stalwart Roman,  
Like a square-toed honest foeman,  
For her loved sake fearing no man,  
And say, " Hands from off her throat there,  
Or we'll pitch you in the moat there.  
With our hands we'll help uncrown ye,  
Or like useless puppies drown ye ;  
And in your fancy coops the dickens  
Raise among your royal chickens ;"  
But all stratagems have bottled,  
And all filibusters throttled ;  
This much in the line of duty  
We have done, despite her beauty,  
Which upon our pathway smiling,  
Has been always so beguiling.  
Ah ! Hidalgos of old Spain,  
Old friends, can't we make it plain,  
How tremendous is the strain,



That this lovely isle of roses,  
Lying right beneath our noses,  
On our moral sense imposes?  
If you only would but sell her,  
Any price our paying teller  
Should be notified to grant you,  
On demand, say, Castro, can't you  
Listen to some words of reason,  
And "let up" on her in season?  
For if will was even stronger,  
We can't stick to it much longer;  
Soon to her soft, sad beseeching,  
We must yield, as sure as preaching;  
With our fate we must connect her,  
And to her be true protector!  
Now, Prim, why be such a Bourbon,  
And learn naught from things before done?  
Don't you see this ruby from us  
We can't cast like bleak St. Thomas?  
Reasons here are more controlling  
Than a harbor just for coaling;  
For our self-protection purely,  
Cuba should be ours surely.  
And we tell you, Spain, sincerely,  
This conviction strengthens yearly!  
There she lies outstretched and bleeding,  
For our kindness interceding;  
For our love that needs no wooing,  
In her hour of sorrow suing;

*CUBAN DIPLOMACY.*

In her grief to us appealing,  
We, who make poor work concealing  
That we have a fellow feeling  
For all men who, thus defying  
Tyrants, to be free are trying;  
Who from us their cue are taking  
And despotic chains are breaking,  
And without ado or prating,  
Go at once for annexating  
To us the states they are creating.  
Spain, by Jackson's oath "eternal,"  
Don't you see 'twould be infernal  
Mean for us to wait much longer  
For you to show you are the stronger,  
And have power to crush and wrong her?  
Though you pride yourself on sticking  
Like a mule to useless kicking,  
Still, despite of whack and chisel,  
In the end, Spain, you will fizzle!

Ah! Hidalgos of old Spain,  
You will never know the strain  
On our honor, thus concealing  
The great sympathy we're feeling  
For her, who thus our cherished story  
Repeats, while struggling up to glory;  
Who in trials does not falter,  
But lays all on country's altar;  
Pledging life, and sacred honor,  
That liberty may smile upon her;

Just as we did, years before her,  
And 'tis rough to thus ignore her!  
Still, we feel the obligation  
Which we owe you, Spanish nation;  
And for years have tried to smother  
Fires, we would not for another.  
But, Spain, do bethink you, whether  
There are not to friendship's tether,  
Bounds where you can't stretch the leather!  
Human nature can't resist her,  
Soon or late we must assist her;  
Therefore, Spain, do stop this fooling,  
And forsake colonial ruling.  
Viceroys are a humbug truly,  
When a people get unruly;  
You've enough at home to vex you,  
Keeping order for the rex, who,  
In his mill so slow, grinds war grists,  
Brought him by rebellious Carlists.  
You can't always be in clover,  
What you can't help, don't grieve over;  
Upset milk you know is rather  
Difficult again to gather.  
Fate is fate, let this sweet solace  
Comfort you, that now in no place  
Can power keep a Monarch's head on,  
If human rights he dares to tread on;  
So if you two must be parted,  
Proud old friend, be not down-hearted!

Ah! old Spain, there is no cable  
That such strain to bear is able;  
Pretty soon some link will sever,  
Then our friendship's gone forever!  
Straight into our Yankee hopper  
She will jump, you cannot stop her.  
Let Congress only whisper, "Go it,"  
And she'll be ours before you know it.  
Friendship may be sweet, and glorious,  
'Twill not stop our march victorious;  
When the time comes to prepare lance,  
Then good-by to all forbearance.  
Ambassadors with all their learning,  
On the first boat home returning;  
Endless talk, and Court grimaces,  
With fierce anger changing places;  
Dogs of war let loose, the cry give  
For an onset fierce decisive.  
All these compliments so gushing,  
Which we pay you now through Cushing,  
Stopped, while even Fish seems glad rid  
Of Diplomacy at Madrid!  
Then, a month of gun-boat fitting,  
Then, a month of skull-cap splitting,  
Followed by the bonfires blazing,  
The delighted nation crazing,  
O'er a victory amazing;  
Every window lit and gleaming,  
Every eagle spread and screaming,

Every patriot mouth expanding,  
Shouting, welcome, at the landing,  
As led in by chariot-wheel is  
The bright Queen of the Antilles;—  
Not sad captive, but another  
Pet, to call Columbia mother!  
Ah! old friend and ally, Spain,  
Have we not made it very plain,  
Never such good luck befell you,  
As to have us frankly tell you,  
That it would be true, Spanish sense,  
To take advice, and save expense;  
Stop at once this war so cruel,  
By selling us the pretty jewel;  
While there's a chance for bargain, make it,  
Before our mind's made up to take it;  
Before the time comes, when in vain  
We try to longer bear this strain!

Think of it, one hundred million,  
With your mother wit Castilian!  
This for an island nearly lost,  
Is something handsome; count the cost  
Of further struggle against fate,  
And then, before it is too late,  
Prim, Castro, Ulloa, whiche'er may  
Be top when this shall reach you, say

What is your price? and Caleb Cushing,  
 Who is both affable and pushing,  
 Shall call on you without delay,  
 Fix up the details as to pay,  
 And take this dreadful strain away!



## A DREAM.

FOR dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears and torture and the touch of joy.

BYRON.

**I** HAD a dream the other night,  
 A dream about the nation;  
 And wondrously before my sight  
 Passed men in lofty station;  
 Great men who plan, and plot, and scheme,  
 To reach exalted places,  
 Came thronging through my quiet dream,  
 With very serious faces!

And wondering much, I asked one, What  
 Makes you all look as sober  
 As leaves that prematurely got  
 Frost-bitten in October;  
 Do honors politicians get  
 Keep honest folks awake, so

They cannot sleep, but must thus fret  
As if their bones did ache so?

Then answered he to whom I spake,  
A gloomy path we tread, sir;  
No comfort can a mortal take  
Who lives in daily dread, sir,  
That some committeeman's sharp nose,  
Cold as a clam for feeling,  
May ferret out and wide expose  
Some old official stealing!

Around us hover spectres glum,  
Which we can in no way shun;  
Proclaiming soon our turn will come  
To stand investigation;  
That we have fallen on evil times  
A fool's mind might discover,  
When bribes, and thefts, such little crimes  
Can tip a statesman over!

No wonder, then, our faces grow  
So sad, and look so lonely;  
If things keep this way long, I know  
Of this one solace only,—  
To wander forth, a ghostly set,  
From out this wicked city,  
And from you country voters get,  
In dreams, a little pity!

He ceased, and tears my eyes diffused,  
To hear the painful story,  
How men so noble are abused,  
And stripped of precious glory.  
I woke, but not a whit too soon,  
(My wife screamed "Save the 'tin,' do,")  
And caught a glimpse, by light of moon,  
Of burglar at the window!

---

## TO CLYMER.

A MATERNAL IDYL, BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

**L**AY on, thou brave Quixotic knight!  
Lay on, with force and feeling;  
O gallant champion of the right,  
And foe to public stealing;  
Thy watchful eyes and smelling nose,  
May tears nor catarrhs close them,  
But let them hunt the tricks of foes,  
And, patriot like, expose them!

Upon thee your old mother smiles  
Her gracious, kind approval;  
Your shrewdness her great grief beguiles,  
When once you on a clue fall,—  
So zealously you trace it back  
Through diamonds, gifts, and dresses,



Till, as to thumb-screw or the rack,  
To you the thief confesses!

Ah! Clymer, son, your mother's tongue  
Will brag about you ever;  
So proud that from her loins there sprung  
A boy so bright and clever;—  
One who defends his mother's fame,  
No matter what reports are,  
By setting up this counter-claim,  
That with her foes the torts are!

Go on, my noble boy, go on,  
Keep at your precious calling,  
So long as all your blows upon  
Your mother's foes are falling;  
But if towards her perchance should run  
Some thread of scandal, drop it,  
And, like the raid on Pendleton,  
Should one get started, stop it!

Ah, Clymer, in thy sterling sense  
Thy mother great hope places;  
That, quite regardless of expense,  
Thou'lt cover up the traces  
From thy committee's prying sight,  
Of any scrapes I've been in,  
That may have left in damaged plight  
Somewhat, perhaps, my linen!

O noble son, keep in your eye  
 The object of your mission,  
 To get my finger in the pie,  
 And better our condition;—  
 Cry "stop thieves!" loud as you can bawl;  
 Catch none, unless they "rads" be,  
 And maybe, by another fall,  
 Ours shall the winning lads be.



## TO A FALSE REFORMER.

**L**AMENTING o'er the world's decline  
 In virtue, wisdom, honor,  
 You quite forget that mostly thine  
 Are faults you heap upon her.  
 Her wide defects you plainly see,  
 And loudly prate about them,  
 But still were there none like to thee,  
 She would be quite without them!

You, canting, lift indignant voice,  
 And shout at such a high rate,  
 That one might fancy, from your noise,  
 There are no thieves in private,  
 Like you, who are light-fingered just  
 As much as those you howl at;  
 They knock down pins of public trust,  
 You, business dealings bowl at!

The cry of "Stop thief!" does not prove  
The crier is a pure one;  
In saintly dress may scoundrel move  
To make his scheme a sure one.  
And he who loudest sings the psalm,  
"God help, where are we drifting?"  
Himself may have an itching palm,  
And fingers for shop "lifting!"

Reform, reform, none can deny  
Its need the wide world over,  
And yet how few there are that try  
Its secret to discover;  
How many, preaching friend, like you  
Would seem to be pursuing  
The right, and yet by preaching do  
Conceal their own misdoing!



## THE FALL OF GREYTOWN.

## A NATIONAL BALLAD.

**T**IS well, amid the dust and smoke  
Of years lang-syne, to sometimes poke  
For deeds of thrilling story;  
'Tis well, beneath the brilliant glare,  
With which our lamps historic flare,  
To read of those whose doings rare  
In by-gone days filled all the air  
With echoes of their glory!

'Tis well, that deeds one hundred years  
Of age should first delight our ears,  
Of men of might and yore too!  
But ought we not to also view  
The lesser deeds of heroes too,  
And give to all, no matter who,  
A laurel, if they fought and slew?  
I think so, and I therefore do  
This poem lay before you!

Beneath the tropics' burning sky,  
Where always it is wet or dry,  
And hot or steaming,  
There stood, some thirty years ago,  
A town whose awful overthrow,  
(A tale of bombs and sweat and woe,)  
I'll tell to you in rhyme, although,  
In prose, 'twould make the tear-drops flow,  
It draws upon the heartstrings so,  
With sorrows teeming!

Its citizens were renegades  
From many climes, and many shades  
Were on their faces;  
Thinking themselves secure from harm  
Beneath a sky so very warm,  
The dead beats truly here did swarm  
From divers places!

So full indeed it got at last,  
The emigration was so vast,  
And few the houses,  
That many had to lay out doors,  
And pass their time like common bores,  
Wandering about in pairs or fours,  
In wild carouses!

But drunkenness soon quarrel breeds,  
A fact that no one rightly heeds  
Until he's in it,  
And finds himself too weak to rise  
From off the ground, whereon he lies,  
Blaming his may-be blotted eyes,  
He did begin it!

And nations, like a single man, -  
Are very apt to thoughtless fan  
A smothered fire,  
By getting fuddled on self-praise,  
And then endeavoring to raise  
Themselves, by dirty tricks and ways,  
A little higher!

And thus, plain truth must set it down,  
Was it with this equator town,  
And people saucy;  
Who, fearless of impending war,  
Threatened to smear a coat of tar  
Upon a great ambassador,  
Though somewhat gassy!

Nor was it merely threatening ; they  
All met him in the street, one day,  
Dressed in his best, the annals say,  
And swore at him, and blocked his way ;

Ah ! dire confusion !

And though, perhaps, their wits were out,  
They seized him there, that rabble rout,  
Of this there is no sort of doubt,  
And tweaked his nose, and made it spout  
Pure blood, as ever did the knout

From back of Russian !

But when they left him, he uprose,  
Put on his hat, and smoothed his clothes,  
And wiped his violated nose

With calm demeanor ;

Then straightway to his office went,  
And gave therein his anger vent,  
By writing Pierce, that sloop be sent  
At once, with needed armament,  
To wipe out, ah ! what fierce intent,  
This town, and clean her !

Thus, they who spat upon the laws  
Of nations, were themselves the cause

Of war so bloody,

That pen as yet has failed to paint  
The frightful wounds to sinner, saint,  
How many run, and more did faint

In streets so muddy,—

F

That safety lay not more in flight,  
Than did it in the sanguine fight  
    Raging so clever;  
Since many who had not the pluck  
To stand their ground when fighting, stuck,  
When running, in the yielding muck,  
    And sunk forever!

Undrawn will ever be the veil  
Which still enshrouds the dreadful tale  
    Of this town's blunder;  
No pen has power to truly tell  
One-half of what Greytown befell,  
When hurtling shot and bursting shell  
    Rent it asunder!

But down unto remotest time,  
Preserved in many a poet rhyme,  
Or novel costing but a dime,  
Will this rash village live sublime!  
    And those who fought her,  
Have names set by the hand of fate  
High up on glory's brazen gate;  
Who whipped and left her desolate,  
With nothing of her former state  
    But sticks and mortar!

No diplomatic notes were passed  
'Twixt her and Hollins, but a blast  
Woke up her people, and aghast

They saw the fated sloop!  
That had come swift as sail and steam  
Could bring her, just to show, 'twould seem,  
How shells can make ragamuffins scream  
Enough, and so, 'mid hiss and gleam  
Of bombshells, Greytown kicked the beam,  
And gave expiring whoop!

## MORAL.

Her ruins long will there uplift  
Their ridges low, and dirty drift  
Forever robe her!  
A nation that is poor and weak,  
Should always unto strong ones speak  
Politely, and beware the "cheek,"  
That dares a Roman nose to tweak,  
Or drunk or sober!

NOTE.—San Juan de Nicaragua, alias Greytown, was bombarded and burned, in 1854, by a United States vessel-of-war, under the command of Captain Hollins, because of some affront given by its people to a member of the Transit Company.





## THE IRISH OF IT.



CH, honey, I think I'll be afther a writin,  
Just to show ye's what havoc yure swate  
looks are makin,  
And I think, on my sowl, ye will find it delighatin,  
When you larn that for ye's me heart is a brakinn.

Since the first time I saw ye's it set up a thumpin,  
And pounded me brist with a terrible thwack,  
And iver since thin in me throat it's been jumpin,  
Though many's the time I have swallered it back.

So now is the time I belave to be spakin,  
And if ye'd jist listen and hear me, I'll tell  
How many a night I have laid aslape wakin,  
And draminn of ye's I was lovin so well.

I've a nice little house jist as snug as a parler,  
And bether by far thin as big as a barn,  
To warm it six months will not cost but a dollar,  
So its smallness ye see is a savinn consarn.

I have stuffed me old hat in the winder that's  
broken,  
And the pigs slape continted jist back of the door,  
And we'll live in such joy as can niver be spoken,  
As happy as can be growing ivery day more.

Ye'll remimber the time at Pat Gaffy's "wakin,"<sup>1</sup>  
That Cupid adroitly his sly arrer sint,  
At me tinderest part his fatal aim takin,  
And I've lost iver since all me former contint.

The sports of me youth time now go fernenst natur,  
The discussion wid sthicks and the hullabaloo,  
Me head has grown soft as a frozen pertater,  
And thinks now of nothin but lovin and you.

Och, honey, indade yure eyes have more brightness  
For me than the sthars, and whenever ye smile,  
'Neath me waistcut there gathers a smotherin  
tightness  
That makes me feel talky, yet spachless the while.

Och, honey, I sware by St. Pat in the mornin,  
To me solemnest vow O do, darlin, just hark,  
There's niver a girl, or in beauty or larnin,  
Can match ye's (I sware it) from Dublin to Cork.

Ye's a step like a fawn on the crisp mountain  
heather,  
Ye's a voice whose swate music is iver in tune,  
And me heart would be light, darlint, light as a  
feather,  
If ye'd only say yes to your Pat pretty soon.

<sup>1</sup> A funeral.

It is not the world's wealth will make our hereafter  
As happy as can be, but our own cabin-door,  
With squalin pigs round it, and in it the lafter  
Of rollickin childers, a dozen or more.

And whin ye's a widder, I can't help a thinkin  
How swate ye will look whin ye's wapin for me,  
Whin the tears will be tumblin from out yure eyes  
blinkin,  
As you stand by me grave over under the tree.



## WHAT HE DID DO.

"I WISH I had killed myself."

BELKNAP.

"I wish you had."

GRANT.

**I**N came the messenger, telling  
Of the last gallant foray;  
How the thieves, scared by the shelling,  
Tried to get out of the way;  
How they ran helter and skelter  
Trying to hunt up a hole,  
Into which for a safe shelter  
Some of the foremost could roll!

Crowding them closer and closer,  
Heard we this pitiful cry,  
Oh! thou Eternal Disposer,  
Tell me, oh! tell to me, why,  
I was born such a great gudgeon,  
As to lack courage or will,  
Promptly, with pistol or bludgeon,  
In such a crisis to kill!

Then in tones seeming of thunder,  
Answered, mysterious Voice!  
No longer foolishly wonder,  
But Belknap, gladly rejoice!  
Though you *seem* living,—'tis over,  
The arrow you wished for, is sped;  
Your own hand lifted the cover,  
And you in your coffin lie — dead!

Think not that life is but breathing;  
Or death but the body's decay;  
When laurels once honestly wreathing  
Our brows are thrown reckless away;  
When hearts are laid bare, and honor  
Betrays the holiest trust,  
Though earth bear the body upon her,  
'Tis shadow, the true life is dust!



## MY LANDAULET.

## A LAMENT.

"I AM satisfied, my dear fellow, from such observation as my brief visit to Washington has given me opportunities to make, that it is rapidly growing—in sin. It is full of it! In my judgment, a man of any character at all should have more than \$7,500 per year for exposing it two years as a member of Congress. There has been great injustice done to the so-called salary-grabbers by the public and by the press! In any business requiring great risks, the compensation should keep pace with the risks, and why not in this? It is evident that whoever goes to Washington goes there with his integrity and virtue liable to be taken from him at any moment. He fights as it were for his life against odds. Few return as pure as they started in; most bring back not even the memory of their original purity. And yet the people, led by demagogues, are unwilling to pay men as they should be paid for so risking their eternal souls. A scheme is now on foot here to make a graduated scale of prices for members of Congress, which scheme seems to be gaining ground. This plan contemplates paying a member a salary proportionate to the virtue and integrity he retains after an exposure to the trials and temptations of Congressional life. Thus, a Simon-pure member would draw the highest salary, a member who was just a little loose such a percentage less, and so on down to the total-depravity member, who would get nothing. It is claimed by the advocates of this plan that it would keep new, fresh, pure blood coming into the House, as the total-depravity ducks would probably leave as soon as their pay stopped. There is, I learn, great opposition to this scheme on the part of nearly all the old members. But I will close for this time by tacking to this letter a copy of a little street song I heard to-day on my way from the Capitol to my boarding-house. The burden of the song seems to be about that Landaulet which lost a good fellow a place on the Supreme Bench."—CORRESPONDENT.



LAS! alas! my Landaulet,  
On which my doting heart was set,  
Why do the people roar and shout,  
And make so much ado about  
The purchase of my Landaulet?

Alas! my pretty Landaulet,  
The ladies of the Cabinet,  
Such envious glances always threw  
At me whene'er I rode in you,  
My graceful, easy Landaulet!

Alas! alas! dear Landaulet,  
How very piercing my regret,  
That, were it not for love of you,  
My husband's foot in Chase's shoe  
Would proudly tread the avenue,  
Outranking all, dear Landaulet!

Alas! alas! sweet Landaulet,  
My pretty eyes are very wet  
With scalding tears, to think so small  
A theft should cause so great a fall  
From circles, where God knows that all  
Are bigger thieves, dear Landaulet!

And, now, I pray that vengeance yet  
Will come to those, dear Landaulet,

Who, in the Senate, claim to be  
 Of so much purer stuff than we,  
 Who paid with public funds for thee,  
 My graceful, pretty Landaulet!



## THEOPHILUS FLINT.

### A TRUE, SAD TALE.

"HE that winketh with the eyes worketh evil, and he that knoweth him will depart from him."

ECCLESIASTICUS xxvii. 22.



HO has not read of Shylock number one?  
 The vilest old wretch since the world first  
 begun ;

Who had silver by cords, and gold by the ton,  
 And thought it, forsooth, most excellent fun  
 To take a man's note with but short time to run !  
 Who has not read of the villainous scamp,  
 Watching, and dreaming by sunlight and lamp,  
 For victims to fall in the glittering net,  
 Which for the unfortunate shrewdly he set ?  
 Who has not tears of warm sympathy shed,  
 As Antonio's story of sorrow was read ;  
 How he, innocent, borrowed some cash of the Jew,  
 And mortgaged his flesh for security too,

But failing to pay when the note became due,  
Was put for the time in a de'il of a stew,  
And could not contrive what course to pursue,  
To save note and body from being put through?  
Who has not read how the Jew did foreclose  
The mortgage, and swear by the bridge of his nose,  
That, like any square dealer in money or clothes,  
He only asked justice from friends or from foes?  
Who has not read from beginning to close  
The tale of Antonio's troubles and woes,  
That ended at last, by a wonderful rule  
Of court, making Shylock both knave and a fool?  
Though this terrible fate of Shylock number one,  
Much harm to the loaners of money has done,  
Keeping many a borrower out of their mesh,  
And squelching the practice of mortgaging flesh;  
Still, misers and money are Siamese twins,  
And the ligaments binding them devilish sins;  
And, somehow, the great love of lucre controls  
Even now, as of yore, a large number of souls!  
Though I say this in sorrow, 'tis really true,  
Even yet in this world there are many men who  
Might in principles, habits, and practices, too,  
Trace their pedigrees back to Shakspearian Jew!  
But this we must say, though he was rich as a mint,  
This truthful tale's hero, Theophilus Flint,  
Was of Yankee descent, and directly his line  
Ran back to the Mayflower's emigrants fine,



Who fled from oppression, and landed among  
The Pequods, and psalms, hymns, and battle-songs  
sung !

Oh ! a covetous man was Shylock number two,  
Not a very bad match for a number one Jew,  
Who, unchristian-like, thought for to-morrow ;  
A business-like man, who had made up his mind  
It never would do to be lagging behind  
The crowd who were seeking in dollars to find  
Protection from earthly sorrow !

So he was after them early and late,  
Scratching, perplexing, and shaking his pate,  
Hanging out shrewdly most enticing bait,  
To lure them in shoals to his growing estate,  
Where he sat waiting to seize them.  
Dollar on dollar he laid on the pile,  
Higher and higher it grew all the while,  
Really now, how could he but smile,  
As coming by millions he sees them !

He'd learned a philosophy, learned it by rote,  
No matter the author, I'll truthfully quote  
The words by him learned and spoken :  
It were better a man were dead, than unfit  
To struggle with fortune and master it ;  
It were better, than feel grim poverty's bit,  
That the golden bowl be broken !

And so though, perhaps, not an arrant knave,  
His spirit was surely an abject slave  
To this one desire, that his soul did crave,

And engrossed without stint or measure,  
His time, his talents, his tact, his skill,  
That prosperity like a ceaseless rill  
Might flow to his open coffers, and fill  
Them up with uncounted treasure!

And fortune was kind to his wooing, and did  
In matters financial just what she was bid,  
And made him as wealthy as old Captain Kidd,  
Without seeming labor or trouble;  
He had houses and cattle, bank-stocks and land,  
Whatever investment was touched by his hand,  
Seemed touched, as it were, by a magical wand,  
That soon made his capital double!

And over the settlements distant or near,  
Wherever you went, you was certain to hear  
Of Theophilus Flint, the financier,  
Who surely was worth ten millions;  
The envious world, though it never could guess,  
Nor explain the true secret of his success,  
Still believed that he never would quit with less  
Than a hundred thousand billions!

His neighbors at last, all determined to know  
The wonderful secret of prospering so,  
Deputed a messenger one day to go

To Flint with their compliments, praying  
If he would not unto them kindly reveal  
How he managed to move as he wished fortune's  
wheel ;  
In short, if he would not learn them how to deal  
The cards in the game he was playing !

Then, like neighborly gentleman, Flint replied,  
"As simple a secret as ever was tried,  
Will throw the closed doors of prosperity wide  
To those who in poverty grope on.  
Now listen!" the messenger's heart did leap  
With joy for getting the recipe cheap,  
As Flint said, quietly, "Tell them to keep  
Sharp watch when they mow, when they plow, or  
reap,  
And by day or night, awake or asleep,  
Be sure to keep one eye open!"

The secret disclosed, then the struggle began,  
And like wildfire round the whole country it ran,  
And seized upon every woman and man,  
Who squinted their eyes and rolled them ;  
Early in morning, and late in the night,  
Each one was practising with all his might,  
And trying his best to do the job right,  
Just as their teacher had told them!

And while they were learning, they gave little heed  
To anything else than Flint's miserly creed,  
And got to be very great sinners indeed,

In riches, though, rapidly growing;  
They talked about, thought about nothing but  
gain,  
And soon, from the looks of their eyes, it was  
plain

In time they might hope great success to attain  
By the secret Flint had been showing!

But while they were learning this wonderful trick,  
Their teacher, one beautiful morning, took sick,  
And died in the midst of his usefulness, quick,

In spite of doctor's endeavor;  
And then, as befits one of riches immense,  
His friends made a funeral at great expense,  
And in costly casket escorted him hence,  
To lay him away forever!

And after the pastor had preached and prayed,  
And pointed the usual moral, and made  
O'er his scanty virtues the usual parade,

And whitewashed his vices slyly;  
He invited them all to step up and see  
What was left on this earth of the patentee  
Of that wonderful wealth-producing key,  
That all of them prized so highly!

While the choir sang sweetly the hymn that  
soothes,  
And bald-headed sexton was drawing the screws  
From the casket's cover, they out of the pews  
All filed in procession slowly;  
Adown the broad aisle, with their heads all bowed,  
Some smothering sobs, some bawling aloud,  
A very good tableau of sorrowing crowd  
Lamenting a dead man holy!

So they crowded near for a parting look,  
And their tears ran wild like a swollen brook,  
And many for grief these symptoms mistook,  
Who were not quite sharp in discerning  
That this was the cause of their sorrow, in brief,  
That with Flint, their hero and idol-in-chief,  
Was buried that trick for financial relief  
Which all had been patiently learning!

So they crowded around the casket so rare,  
To take a last look of their friend lying there,  
But started aghast, as they met the cold stare  
Of eye that had always been gazing;  
On its clammy lids though the sexton had put  
A bright silver dollar, it wouldn't stay shut,  
As the other eye without a dollar did, but  
Stared wildly and truly amazing!

Though the sexton piled on it cent upon cent,  
In hopes the grim muscles might sometime relent,

And yield to the pressure, his friendly intent,  
And labor and money, was foolishly spent,  
In vain was his every endeavor!  
Still it stared into vacancy, horribly true,  
In death, to the habit 'twas taught to pursue.  
In life, and no doubt an eternity through  
It will stare and keep staring forever!

That terrible eye with its lustreless beams,  
That seemed in death's cerements watching for  
schemes,  
Ah, how they shivered, and smothered their screams  
As it stared at them chilly and stony!  
Till, thoroughly frightened, they cursed the day  
When, led by a foolish excitement, they  
Gave to the Devil their souls away  
In exchange for the chance of money!

So these pupils of Flint, when his casket was  
closed,  
Were so scared by the terrors his dead eye  
disclosed,  
That they all, as one man, stood square up as  
opposed  
To practising more what from him they had nosed,  
And worn in their caps as a feather;  
And so at the town-hall, in council, they met,  
A thoroughly frightened and penitent set,

And vowed that they would all his precepts forget,  
And at bedtime henceforth, and forever, would let  
Both eyes go to sleep together!

And now in that village no stranger would guess  
That ever such folly stirred up such a mess;  
Yet its people, observers say, nevertheless,  
When money is round, try to grab it;  
And whenever they make a fortunate deal,  
One-half honest trade and the other half steal,  
By a shrewd wink of eye they slyly reveal  
A trace of the terrible habit!



## TO FRED.

**B**OY-FRIENDS in that land afar,  
We two, many years ago,  
Met and parted, fortune's star  
Had for both enchanting glow;  
Each heart buoyant and elate  
With its dreams of great renown,  
Confident the hand of fate  
Would our aspirations crown;  
Fairy land of golden youth,  
Every day a new delight,  
When a romance seemed the truth,  
And the world was full of light;

Over head a brilliant sun ;  
By our pathway, fragrant flowers ;  
Ah ! how easy fields were won,  
In those pleasant days of ours !  
Reason, what had it to do  
With the shaping of the dream ?  
Fancy, more than reason, knew  
How to guide us down the stream ;  
And we let her have her way,  
"Take, dear Fancy, take the oar,"  
Thus we asked, she did obey,  
And as pilot led from shore !  
Happier boys in open boat,  
Going o'er an unknown sea,  
Never were, I'm sure, afloat,  
Than, dear Fred, were you and me !  
Who cares, when we pilot changed ?  
When cold Reason coming near,  
Our craft boarded, and estranged  
Somewhat of our faith sincere  
In the pilot who had led  
Us through life's delightful days,  
But though long since lost, or dead,  
Yet with us her memory stays ;  
And though, one by one, we've dropped  
All her sweet illusions, still,  
I'll confess I've often stopped,  
As I journey'd down the hill,  
And thought, Fred, if after all  
We have got from Reason more



Of what mortals comfort call,  
Then she gave in days of yore?  
When life with its freshness, zest,  
Was all pleasure without pain;  
When contentment, in each breast,  
Was not merely thirst for gain;  
E'er we learned to fume and fret  
Over so-called serious things;  
And did laughing angels let  
In our bosoms whirl their wings;  
E'er we learned to coolly weigh  
The true force of every word,  
Fearing that our lips might say  
Something we might wish unheard;  
E'er our hearts had been deceived  
In their estimate of men,  
Or of women, and believed  
Nine at least of every ten.  
E'er we learned the tricks of trade,  
Or to wheedle and betray;  
Or of social rules afraid,  
Heart emotions put away; —  
When we were two earnest boys,  
Happy, though no doubt unwise,  
Not ashamed to let our joys  
Be revealed from lips and eyes.  
Ah! dear Fred, as nearer yet  
We approach the other shore,  
I can't help, can you, regret  
Those days, by-gone, more and more?

## GOOD ADVICE.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO SEVERAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

GENTLEMEN.—I find going the rounds of the Press this little bit of sound advice. “We had it from his own lips that he told General W. T. Sherman over a year ago to be careful in his public utterances, as he was likely to be the next Republican candidate for President.” There are so many politicians who “slop over,” so to speak, in this life, and who by talking too much upset all their hopes for advancement, that such words of warning should be scattered broadcast.

When so many of you are trying to say or do the one thing needful to insure you the nomination for the Presidency, it is as well perhaps to speak from a voter's standpoint these words of “truth and soberness.” Knowing as I do how eagerly you read everything that indicates the direction of the popular current, I am inclined to think the following poem will be appreciated by you all. Between us (confidentially), if any of you get to be President by following these directions, I have no doubt the author of the poem will be suitably remembered and rewarded by an appropriate and lucrative appointment. Hoping this may prove true, I am, very truly yours

THE AUTHOR.

**B**E careful, and your mouth keep shut;  
When needed words are golden,—but  
A candidate who hopes to reach  
Success, must chary be of speech!  
Ah! see the wrecks along the shore,  
That scud the gales of gab before,  
Hoping the wished for port to make,  
By letting all their canvas shake;

Thinking that wind, and sail, and steam,  
Were on the voyage of life supreme;  
Finding, alas for them, too late,  
They did such helpers overrate!

Be careful, let your tight-closed lips  
Keep all ideas in eclipse;  
The average voter surely thinks  
Old Egypt's wise one is her Sphynx;—  
Prone lying on the desert sands,  
Its great head resting in its hands;—  
Looking from out its mystic eyes,  
Profoundly as becomes the wise;  
Yet on all subjects not one word  
From its stern jaws is ever heard;  
Its power is vested in its pose,  
And steadfast gaze beyond its nose,  
Far off, into the desert bleak,  
Unswayed by any Arab clique:  
Thus, rising candidate, should you,  
If you would be successful, do!

Be careful, silence is the charm  
That must at last your foes disarm;  
No opponent can long resist  
The power of silence, 'tis the fist  
Of greatness, the historic tool,  
With which men show they're fit to rule!

If statesman speaks out frank and bold,  
At once he's buried stiff and cold,  
With this sad epitaph above him,  
To soothe the grief of those who love him,  
"Had not that fatal diarrhœa  
Of words set in, a large area  
Of fame's magnificent domain  
Would his, in simple fee, remain!  
But ah, for grieving friendship when  
Its comfort is, it might have been!  
When bitter scalding tears are shed  
Above the prematurely dead,  
And meek-eyed sadness, far and wide,  
Laments the brilliant suicide!"  
Keep silence, never mind how much  
The world is shaken, never touch  
A pen, or word or thought let out  
On things men are perplexed about!  
Be silent, but look very wise;  
Within this simple secret lies  
The key of fame, if lofty height  
You wish to scale, or heady fight  
Would win, and not have withers wrung,  
Be wise, and learn to hold your tongue!  
Don't imitate the pioneer  
Who goes before, the way to clear;  
He fool-like talks, and writes, and hacks,  
And for reward gets stubborn whacks;  
The path these gabby fools thus tread,  
I tell you, never butters bread!

Be careful, oh, fresh candidate  
On this year's Presidential slate!  
There are no wiser words to-day  
Than these, Be careful what you say!  
The world is watching, just a slip  
From your unguarded limber lip,  
And down will go the castles fair  
That you've been building in the air.  
One little heedless word may yet  
Your brilliant chances all upset!  
Beware the charm of talking well;  
In silence lies a surer spell;  
The power of swaying crowds with ease  
Like Bunkem, or Demosthenes,  
Is not that sweet and precious gift,  
Which does an aspirant uplift  
Above his fellows, better far  
Be speechless as dumb oxen are,  
But wise in look, old statesmen say,  
(And who knows better sure than they,)  
That all the power of eloquence  
Cannot compete with silent sense.  
All, all agree, that *dumb* conceit  
Is just the toughest thing to beat;  
So in the light of reason's glare,  
Whene'er you feel like talk,—Beware!  
Here's the receipt, 'tis short and terse,  
I give it here in simple verse,—  
*Pose* for effect, like statue stand,  
The Constitution in each hand;

Both eyes far looking, and your face  
Arrayed in all its doughy grace;  
Of conscious power let every feature  
Show you are the favored creature.  
Stand still, like stock or stone, nor let  
One word from foes reply beget;  
Deny no crime that's charged to you,  
For fear they prove it, if you do;  
Keep watch upon your head each minute,  
Lest it betray how little's in it,  
Till the Conventions all have met,  
And in the field each Sphynx is set,  
When if, as probable, you follow  
These rules, and beat the rest all hollow,  
Still keep your pose, till in the boxes  
The votes proclaim what Deus vox is;  
But if you're counted out, why then  
Go home, and do like other men;  
Take in your eyes, your lips unseal,  
And if you've got a mind, reveal;  
And let your Maker be assured,  
In heartfelt thanks, that you are cured,  
By being tumbled in the ditch  
Of this fierce Presidential itch.  
Then go the noisy Peeps among  
And loose an independent tongue;  
On victims as they rise, exhort on,  
Be't Tilden, Hendricks, Blaine, or Morton,  
Or neither, so if fools elect,  
You're clothed at least in self-respect,

And this, 'mong those without a rag on,  
Is something in these days to brag on;  
So live, that when you die will rise  
A tombstone lettered thus, "Here lies  
A man who, seeking office, quit,  
Because he could not win at it,  
And cheerfully, in consequence,  
Became that marvel of good sense,  
Columbia's pride, that useful motor,—  
A gassy, unaspiring voter!"



## HIGGINSVILLE.

*Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis.*

**I**N the lone prairie stands this town,  
The land slopes inward like a cup,  
And once each day the sun goes down,  
And once each day the sun comes up;  
The man of yore who planned it, Higgins,  
Was the first settler in these "diggins!"

He came on this great scheme intent,  
A city founder here to be;  
This was exactly what he meant,  
As he wrote in his diary;  
And bravely the foundation laid,  
And was not in the least afraid.

He had his trials,—first a fire,  
That caught from ashes careless thrown,  
Put ten blocks in one funeral pyre,  
And made insurance agents groan;  
But nothing daunted, firm and bold,  
He did unto his purpose hold!

Next came a hurricane, that blew  
The buildings that were left, sky-high;  
Stout Higgins heaved a sigh or two,  
And then the winds he did defy;  
Quoth he, "For what are men designed,  
If wind can triumph over mind?"

"The motives deep that underlie  
My actions are too keen for fire;  
No matter if balloons go high,  
This city shall go even higher;  
My life would be of no avail,  
If there was such a word as fail!"

A pest there came, a low saloon  
Its filthy traffic then began;  
But praying bands were mustered soon,  
And so the guilty keeper ran;  
"For what avail" said Higgins, "think,  
Is virtue stupefied by drink?"

And so, unto that prairie wide,  
He came, like pilgrim, without drum;



Statistics spread, and speechified,  
Enticing other men to come  
And share, like martyrs pure, with him  
His honor, bed, and fodder slim!

They came, brave men from various lands;  
Fleeing from caste and tyrant's chain;  
And bought their lots, and put their hands  
At once to work for honest gain;  
And he to all, rich or dead broke,  
Some words of good cheer always spoke.

So grew the town beneath his care,  
O happy day; a monstrous debt  
We owe to him, who did prepare  
The way, and lights to guide us, set!  
A brilliant sun, whose welcome light  
Shone even in the darkest night.

The true way "how to do it," spread,  
Original with him, no doubt;  
And those who now build cities, tread  
The very path by him marked out.

Let the brag of thousands ever  
Flow from every grateful tongue;  
Let wit's essence, pungent, clever,  
Loose olfactories among;  
For this town sublimely teaching,  
How to get things just by reaching.

And when, perchance, by day or night, he,  
The noble emigrant shall come,  
Let these last words of Higgins tightly  
Be folded in his breast, "This home,  
I say, without prevarication,  
The hub is, sure, of all creation."

And so our blessings on him, thus,  
We cast from cabin roofs and towers;  
And here translate, without more fuss,  
This lingo, "Sicut patribus  
Sit Deus nobis," may God us  
Teach how to lift each incubus,  
As our brave dads, in mud and muss,  
Did build this darling town of ours.


NOTE.—It is perhaps proper to say here that this poem was written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, but was never sent to that Magazine in consequence of a poem, entitled "Boston," appearing in its columns of so similar a character as to have made it probable that the conductors of that Magazine would have considered Higginsville a plagiarism or parody, and therefore would have declined it. To the curious in such matters, its precedence on the score of originality can however be clearly established.

10



## TO-MORROW.

"CHANCE and Change,  
Dark children of to-morrow." — SHELLEY.

NTO to-morrow, weary eyes  
From to-day's sorrow ever turn;  
Within the unknown future lies  
For all the promised Paradise;  
Upon its distant smiling skies  
Success and pleasure, twin-stars, burn.

The disappointments of to-day  
Are lost amid the waves of hope;  
Men brood not over griefs alway,  
Perchance a tear, or sob, and they  
Uprise to catch the sunnier ray  
That gleams from fancy's horoscope.

To-morrow, with its promised freight  
For hoping millions, comes, at last;  
And to the crowd with hearts elate  
Who've watched its coming, as of Fate,  
It whispers hopeful, cheerful, "Wait  
Till one more brief to-day has passed!"

And thus is fed our fierce desire  
For something that may never be.

Of this wild chase we never tire,—  
 Forget the past, and still aspire,  
 Though each to-morrow brings us nigher  
 Naught but eternity.



LINES ON A GRASSHOPPER.

BY A GRANGER NATURALIST.

**I**'VE got him, at last, in the focus  
 Of a powerful telescope glass,  
 But he magnified looks like a slow cuss,  
 And his ears much like those of an ass!

His eyes are like two peeled potatoes;  
 His wings like the sails of a ship;  
 And his beard, which unshaven that way grows,  
 Seems to cover an acre of lip.

His stomach is large and capacious,  
 It always is hungry, no doubt;  
 And, much like a hog, his rapacious  
 Desires may be gauged by his snout.

His legs are not merely for creeping,  
 They are muscular, angular, high;


Just fitted for gallantly leaping,  
When he chooses, plumb into the sky!  
  
From his brawny bull neck, saffron tinted,  
Suspended by weather-stained rope,  
Hangs a medal with Sanscrit imprinted:  
"With this monster no mortal can cope!  
  
"He's descended through long generations,  
With a pedigree perfect and straight,  
From the locust that scooped ancient nations  
Whenever he lit at their gate."



## A MEMORY.

"FAR around the gray mists of the twilight was stealing,  
And the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,  
Ere my pale lips could murmur the accents of feeling,  
As it bade the fond scenes of my childhood Adieu."

HALLECK.

 HE new house is built, while the old one,  
grown hoary  
And shattered by time, has been all torn  
away ;  
Yet still with me lingers the spell of that glory  
Which hallowed its halls ere they went to decay !

No new-fashioned structure, no matter how splendid,

Can e'er to my heart the old pleasure restore  
It has felt in the old house, whose life is now ended,

In the dear days departed, the dear days of yore!

Though gold deck the new with so much that is charming,

And art at its bidding her treasures unfold;  
Still powerless both are my cold heart in warming,  
For the dear spell is lacking that clung to the old.

Still lacking the spell, for memory's finger,  
Points back, in its past, to no hours that were dear;  
Recalls not a scene where I once loved to linger,  
Not a grief or a joy that have been hallowed here!

In vain do I people, this house newly builded,  
With memories of those who once lived in the old:

Out of place seem their forms in its halls brightly gilded,

In its parlors sound strangely the stories they told!

Thank God for misfortune, if fortune must ever,  
Bring desire to exchange the old landmarks for new!

Let gloomy disaster crown every endeavor,  
If success means supplanting what formerly grew!

In the glare of success, with heart proudly beating,  
And hands grasping prizes alluringly set ;  
How my soul often aches for the homelier greeting  
Which beneath the old roof-tree I long ago met !

And so as I knew the old house I rebuild it,  
In fancy its small rooms and low I restore,  
With a mother's dear presence to lovingly gild it,  
And flush me with joy as I enter its door !

How often, forsooth, is memory turning  
From the noisy charm of the present away !  
How loyal at last is my heart in its yearning  
For the quiet delights of that happier day !

When the world seemed a dream, with flowery  
walks teeming,  
Full of wonderful prizes I hoped to attain ;  
Ah ! indeed the old house where I did my boy  
dreaming,  
In manhood's remembrance must ever remain !

Let it stand as it is, scarred, withered and blighted,  
Though it be but a memory of once happy home !  
A spot where, in spirit to be reunited,  
They who lived in it, loved in it, sometime may  
come.

TERRITORIAL REMINISCENCES.<sup>1</sup>

IS said past days are golden days, if only  
past so far  
That not one living soul can quite re-  
member what they were;  
Since in most souls there ever lives a sort of vague  
regret  
That virtues of some olden time don't tarry with  
them yet.

And, Brother Editors, I'm sure that this was just  
your reason,  
For asking me to bloviate, in verse, for you this  
season,  
Hoping, no doubt, through me, to catch in very  
serious rhyme  
A sort of fancy glimpse of gilt which fringed the  
olden time.

That glorious olden time of ours, some sixteen  
years ago,  
When for this land, so beautiful, we first began to  
blow

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Editorial Convention of Minnesota June 25,  
1872.



Our bugles, never doubting, for a moment, that  
each toot,  
About our soil or climate, had the sweetness of  
Pan's flute.

O'er these bright mem'ries of the past, I'm sure  
you'll pardon me  
For using much that modest word the editorial  
"we;"  
It is, you know, so frank and fair, when honors  
we'd divide,  
And handy, too, in libel suits, to get behind and  
hide!

That glorious olden time of ours, when in such  
swarms we came  
From everywhere with printers' ink to work for  
bread and fame;  
And over many a new-born town our bugles shrilly  
blew,  
Alas! how sad, despite our wind, so many never  
grew!

You smile, perhaps, but frankly I confess I love to  
drift  
Back unto those days departed, and with loving  
fingers lift  
The veil which kindly now enshrouds the blunders  
and mistakes  
That presses made when they were run unchecked  
by moral brakes.

We were a *precious* set, indeed, to mould a *precious* State!

When each one took his politics, just like his whiskey — straight;

And, quite unlike you modern chaps (I say this with a sigh),

We had few scruples in those days and — dared to tell a lie!

We had no qualms of conscience over what we ought to say;

To speak it plain, our motive power was first and always — pay!

For ready cash, a real knave our standard puffs could get;

I'm told (though somewhat modified) this custom lingers yet!

We tried to win, no matter how; 'twas victory we sought;

And through surrounding hosts of foes we cut our way, or — bought:

And this high moral, which now guides your pens and tongues aright,

Was something quite unknown to us when bracing for a fight!

No matter what our party did, it was a sweet delight

To champion every deed performed, as something wise and right;

And though, perhaps for argument, we might admit to err

Was human, yet such frailty we ne'er confessed of her!

We struck to hurt, and always aimed our blows between the eyes;

And took no stock in any sort of peaceful compromise;

Nor shed affected tears above the grave of fallen foe,

But having killed him, rather liked upon his corpse to crow!

Such firmness kept the traces straight, to bolt was deadly crime;

"Our party" was the Press's call to patriots every time!

We felt, 'tis true, great interest in Constitutional lore,

But a caucus packed successfully was something pleased us more!

We had no buffers to our knocks, nor tried to ease the blow,

Or polish off the fatal shafts that laid our victims low;

The party penalty was death to him who dared oppose

Its vested right to kindly take and lead him by the nose!

True party organs, in those days, were chary to  
admit

That those upon the other side had any mother wit;  
Each vied with each, with heat and force, to dwarf  
the other's aims,

And he was deemed the winner who could hurl  
the hardest names!

There was no sort of etiquette in putting libels  
through;

The more outrageous was the lie, the more we  
vowed 'twas true;

And looked so honest o'er the vow, that no one  
could be sure

That statements uttered with such vim, were *not*  
the simon pure!

We raised, as you may yet, great men by little  
friendly boosts

Up, up from out the common mud unto the higher  
roosts;

And got, sometimes, as you, perhaps, for these  
newspaper tricks,

From him, we made a statesman of, appreciative  
kicks!

Nor were we very much behind in comforts, as a  
class;

We too, like you, went anywhere upon our yearly  
"Pass,"

But, unlike yours, our journeys lay o'er muddy  
roads and rough,  
Yet though we "hoofed it" up the hills, the stage-  
coach got its "Puff!"

And here I must confess it, what base idols we  
did puff;

To you, who've grown *so scrupulous*, the story may  
seem tough,

But it is as true as preaching, we never lost a  
chance

On condition, always mind you, that 'twas paid  
for in advance,

To give the glowing tribute, such as honored dead  
might claim,

And loudly blow the trumpet of a temporary  
fame;

For Republican or Democrat, or even old line  
Whigs,

For very learned blacksmiths, or for very heavy  
pigs!

How industriously we did it, how we added link  
to link,

And proved what mighty heroes could be born  
of printer's ink,

Till 'tis now quite undisputed that this pen-exalt-  
ing touch

Is the *cheapest* start for Governors and Congress-  
men, and — such!

Of course I can't apologize for things we did not  
do ;

If we had finished up the job, there'd been no need  
of you !

But somehow, when your ways and ours in some  
things I compare,

I cannot help but think of him who tried to split  
a hair !

The needs of those outlandish days required  
sternest stuff !

How could we have done what we did unless our  
words were rough ?

Politeness is a splendid art, but this I'm sure is  
true,

In territorial days we made a very little do !

I know we lacked in sentiment, that sort of touch  
divine,

That intellectual stamp that's deemed the extra  
superfine !

Still this much we may say of him who pioneering  
goes,

He has less use of sentiment than very stubborn  
prose.

It was so new, so unexplored, this now majestic  
State !

When Presses did not, could not, know a leader's  
actual weight,

But had to mould, as it were, the forms from out  
the streets each day ;

No wonder, is it, *some* have proved such very  
common clay ?

The greatness which we had to boast was very  
ill defined,

Depending *much* on *where* he lived, and little on  
his mind ;

And therefore (in parenthesis I say this now,) alas !  
The lion which we often roared, sometimes turned  
out an — ass !

Nor were the Editors to blame that this was often  
done ;

'Tis seldom left for them to say which candidate  
shall run !

But this, I'm sure, all printers pray, and it is prayer  
sincere,

God help us for the part we've played in making  
idols here !

Into the public maw we all have helped such food  
to cram ;

Such men of nothing but pretence and very flimsy  
sham ;

That 'tis not strange we've learned to hate the  
old-time hobby snivel,

The fustian of the partisan, and weakness of his  
drivel !

No wonder, knowing how 'tis done, no wonder  
we despise  
The little gods we've made of mud, and lifted to  
the skies;  
We who have been a part of it, and know the  
kind of boost  
By means of which the bantam cock gets highest  
on the roost.

But art advances, smoother grow the stony paths  
once trod,  
The shape that yesterday was clay, to-morrow  
seems a god!  
And this great third estate, the Press, from out  
past groppings springs  
To newer, purer, nobler life, and higher, holier  
things!

It leaves, and may it leave for aye, past grovelling  
paths behind,  
And be henceforth the mouthpiece not of prejudice,  
but mind;  
The organ of men's best desires, and highest,  
noblest aims,  
And not the hollow trumpet of a party's greedy  
claims!

Not politic, (as understood,) the synonym of  
knave,  
But in all things of great concern outspoken, frank,  
and brave;



Behind no leaders cowering, but so uttering its  
    sound creed  
That they dare not but follow where its words of  
    wisdom lead!

'Tis a glorious field for conquest, aye, the proudest  
    'neath the sun!

Though bloodless, yet its laurels are the greenest  
    ever won!

To shape a nation's destiny, its forming taste to  
    mould,

And in your crucible to turn earth's basest ores  
    to gold!

To be above your statesman, for your statesman  
    is but he

Who represents the public mind, whatever that  
    may be;

Springs do not rise above their source, nor can the  
    statesman great

Above the man or men whose pens this public  
    voice create!

He who wins the guerdon fairly is not he who  
    ever swims

With the current unresisting, and absorbing all  
    its whims;

Daring not the waves of clamor with outspoken  
    voice to ride;

But like useless scrap of sea-weed idly floating  
    with the tide!

Act not thus in line of duty, but the public mind  
direct,  
Teaching those you know mistaken on their errors  
to reflect;  
Let the "hit" of your ambition be not popular  
applause,  
But the future's righteous judgment on the just-  
ness of your cause!

Not exhausting all your talents in days and nights  
of toil,  
Just to feed a hungry party at the crib of public  
spoil;  
But with earnest, honest effort to guide the heart  
and mind,  
Life's best reward for labor, in your strong-souled  
purpose find!

Like students, ever toiling in the sacred cause of  
truth,  
Fearing not the world's opinion, asking not the  
public ruth!  
In your workshops ever dreaming godlike visions  
to be wrought  
Into words of living wisdom from the mysteries  
of thought!

Longing for the deeper waters, which the braver  
hearts may reach;  
Wasting not the precious moments picking pebbles  
on the beach;

For we should not say of Genius, that, though  
bright, 'tis but skin-deep,  
On the surface glow and sparkle, yet its inner soul  
asleep!

So to point this ditty's moral, as 'tis meet, perhaps,  
I should,  
Not *all* bad were "*we*" of those days, as *you*, now,  
are not *all* good;  
But I'm sure this common hope unites *your* present  
and "*our*" past,  
That this pure, noble Press we preach, this world  
shall have at last!



















